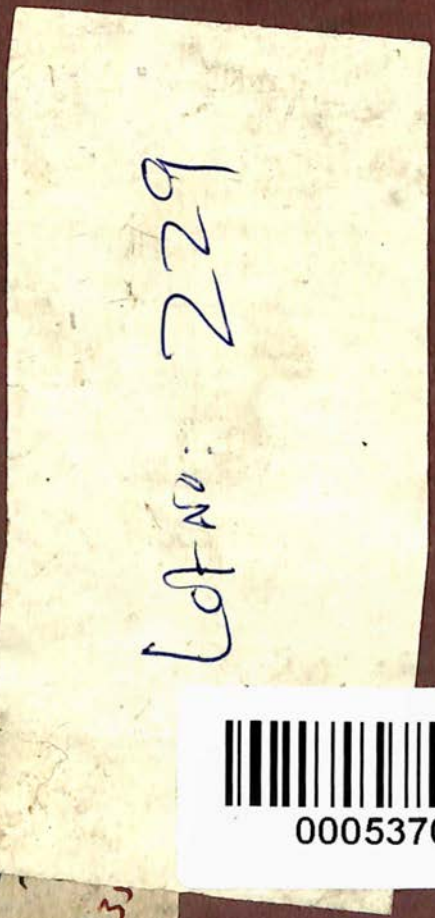

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THE

PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY,

A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.

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THE THREE ORDEALS,

OR THE

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

STUDLEY PRIORY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

ETCHINGS OF THE PRINCIPAL HINDU DEITIES,

AND OTHER PLATES.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

53703

BY

SIR ALEXANDER CROKE.

VOL. II.

OXFORD,
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THE

THREE ORDEALS,

OR

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

AN HEROIC POEM IN FIVE CANTOS.

Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose, da quel, che già credea lontane.
Ariosto, vii. 1.

Who far from his own country goes,
Sees things he never could suppose.

ADVERTISEMENT

ALL the jocose heroic poems, with which we are acquainted, had their origin in real events. But the facts which suggested them were lost sight of, and the stories and characters introduced into the poems were all imaginary. The *Lutrin* related to some jealousies about removing a desk in a chapel, but no real persons were alluded to. So the *Secchia Rapita* exhibited only generally some of the discords of the Italian republics and vices which were common. The *Dispensary* arose from some animosities in the College of Physicians, and was an endeavour to laugh some of the members into a sense of their duty. Were we acquainted with the real history of Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, it would probably be found in some circumstances of the times.

The playful stealing of a lock of a lady's hair produced the *Rape of the Lock;* which was written " with a view of putting an end, " by a piece of ridicule, to a quarrel between " two noble families." And the Poet declares, " that all the passages are fabulous, and the " persons fictitious."

This was precisely the case with the following poem. It was suggested, many years ago, in a distant colony, by some unhappy dissentions, which have been long since forgotten, and most of the parties are beyond the reach of censure or applause. But, as in the other instances, the whole of the plot, the circumstances of the poem, and the *dramatis personæ*, are solely the creatures of imagination, and bear no resemblance to real persons or events. It was intended, in pure good humour, without designing to hurt the feeling of any individual, by a little innocent raillery, to promote reconciliation and peace. If there is any appearance of satyr and irony, they do not apply to any particular persons, but are directed against the vices and follies in general to which they may correspond.

THE

THREE ORDEALS,

OR

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

CANTO

THE PREPARATION.

——Teterrima belli
Causa.—— *Horace.*

For woman, long since Helen's fatal charms,
Destructive woman! sets the world in arms. *Francis.*

O THOU whose ardent and resistless sway, (1)
Gods, men, and beasts, and frigid plants obey:
At whose command more changeful tricks are played
Than Breslaw's art to London's crowds displayed:
Source of discordant mixtures, wild disorders,
Confusing ages, sexes, ranks, and orders:
Now lulling gentlest souls in sweet sensations,
And now in fury desolating nations:

Thee I invoke, fair Venus, with thy train
Of sportive Loves, to animate my strain.
Come to mine aid! whether thy glories beam
On orient Ganga's fertilizing stream,
Where deep-learned Bramans lead the sacred bands,
To where uncouth the mystic idol stands,
And tawny damsels, with their eyes of fire,
Thread the gay dance, and form the raptured choir:
Or if thy presence bless the fragrant bowers,
Where some chaste Abbess guards her choicest flowers,
Where Eloïsas pray, and weep, and sin,
Without all sainthood, and all vice within:
Or in some boarding-school's romantic walls,
Where new-born love the tender Miss enthralls
Where'er thou art, my kindling soul inspire,
And fill thy poet with a Sappho's fire;
I sing thy triumphs, and thy foes in chains,
And sad confusion in Arcadian plains.
In transatlantic climes a country lies,
Where nature's boons in vast profusion rise.
No dire contagions thin a pallid race,
But health and beauty glow in every face.
Appropriate gifts her favoured children share,
Her sons all heroes, all her daughters fair.
No party feuds, or jealousies, are known,
And Love and Friendship called the land their own.

But human happiness disdains repose,
And like some river's rapid torrent flows,
Now here, now there, the foaming wave is tossed,
O'er rocks, and cataracts, till in ocean lost.
She who, long since, on Troy's immortal coast,
Raised fell dissention in the Grecian host;
And by a paltry pulpit, built of oak,
In souls devout unrighteous rage awoke;
Fierce DISCORD wept to see Arcadia's joy,
Resolved such hateful blessings to destroy.
Foul was her form, and where she shewed her head,
Peace and tranquillity for ever fled.
Her squinting eyes were turned on every side,
And clotted blood her hooked talons dyed.
Each angry hair its brother hair defied,
And stood upright, as if electrified.
From her raw mouth incessant flames expire,
And blister breasts, and set the world on fire.
And hissing vipers rear their threatening crests,
And suck rank venom from her hagged breasts.
No member with its fellow-member pairs,
Nor her vast head with her small body squares.
And to complete the most ungainly sight,
The left side bears no semblance to the right.
And by her side a spacious budget hangs,
Of serpent skins, and powdered with their fangs.
Here callow broods of malice, hate, and spite,
Prune their young wings, all ready to take flight.

And flying news-boys, by the cow-horn's sound,
Scatter their printed mischief all around.
Vexed at the sight, her furious passions rise,
And all the demon lightens in her eyes.
On a wild mountain, fixed in thought profound,
She casts her blighting looks on all around.
Deep was the scheme her subtile vengeance planned;
To send inflaming Scandal through the land.
The black scorched pines, and rocks of mournful hue,
The cursed spot disclose to human view.
No vegetation glads the mildewed place,
Save plants, the foes of every living race,
Hemlock, and aconite, and poisonous yew,
And deadly night-shade, lurid to the view,
Laurel, which oft the sportive lamb beguiled,
And savine, murderer of unborn child.
As drizzly vapours, up Chebucto bay,
From banks of codfish, wind their creeping way;
And hypochondriacs feel, in chill despair,
Rheumatic tortures in the piercing air,
In woollen folds their trembling limbs invest,
And hug the fleecy hosiery to their breast.
So through the air the demon plied her wings,
And reached the City, when the night-bird sings.
Unseen, unheard, she took her silent round,
Whilst all the world in leaden sleep was drowned.
Nor doors, nor walls, her secret course impede,
Through all she travels with an angel's speed,

And in each slumbering ear, as on she past,
She gently breathed a pestilential blast.
Mortals awoke with morn's ambrosial light,
And rose, unconscious of the deeds of night.
Whilst usual cares their anxious thoughts employ,
On business this intent, and that on joy,
Th' impoisoned breath fermented in their veins,
And strange chimæras filled their feverish brains.
As some fierce fire, when droughty August reigns, (2)
Pours desolation o'er Columbia's plains,
Dropped from a Dutchman's pipe, an atom coal, (3)
Small cause of mighty woes inflames the whole.
The hardy Settler views, with hopeless tears,
At once destroyed the toil of all his years;
His block-house, proved in many a stormy day,
His ripening harvest, and his well-saved hay.
From hill to hill the conflagration roars,
And high in air the cloudy vapour soars,
Spruce burns on spruce, and pines on hemlocks fall,
Till ashes, stink, and smoke, envelope all.
So gently first a dusky rumour rose,
Just heard in whispers in a friendly coze.
From mouth to mouth the wondrous stories ran,
And ladies talked at church behind their fan.
Though scarce one female told above a dozen
The secret she had heard from aunt or cousin,
Yet but a few short fleeting hours had flown,
Before the news was spread through all the town;

And Bella's name was bandied, high and loud,
This way and that way, by the vulgar crowd.
Boys cut their wicked jokes, and misses cried,
That Bella's arts their lovers drew aside.
No salutation greets the low-fallen dame,
Abhorred her knowledge, and disgraced her name.
All virtuous matrons, with averted eye,
Indignant scowl, and from contagion fly.
The world deserts her, not a friend but frowns,
And every purist such a wretch disowns.

What wonder then the selfish, venal, race,
Should fly their benefactress in disgrace?
When ruin threatens, cautious rats retire,
And crafty courtiers hail the rising fire.
Bella's enchanting parties now were o'er,
Her splendid banquets, and her balls no more.
No more her house receives the blind and lame,
No more her presents bribe the voice of fame.
Her harshest foes her friendship once could boast;
They best must know her who had seen her most.
From morn to night Bettina's larum rung,
No words too gross for Flora's mincing tongue.
To every house with eager step they came;
At every house they murdered Bella's fame.

And now her soul with anxious fury glows,
To wreak her vengeance on her slandering foes.
Enraged, though not abashed, her callous heart,
Felt all the conscious powers of woman's art.

" Have I, said she, so long possessed the helm,
" And ruled the fashion through Arcadia's realm?
" Have I been worshipped by a crowd of beaux,
" And led my sapient husband by the nose?
" Did I direct, in back stairs influence great,
" The golden chain, that draws affairs of state;
" And shall I tamely sink, nor try to rise,
" And yield to paltry wretches I despise?
" —No! 'Gainst my power though all the world
" combine,
" By heaven, or hell, the victory shall be mine, (4)
" The storm I'll weather, though it fiercely roar,
" And strength, or skill, shall bring me safe to
" shore."

She spake, and Jane, her faithful grand Vizier,
Approved her spirit, as she curled her hair.
Discord perceived her well-laid ferment rise,
And sparks of rapture darted from her eyes.

CANTO II.

THE COURT.

Quæsitor Minos urnam movet: ille silentum
Conciliumque vocat, vitasque et crimina discit.
Virgil.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears,
And lives and crimes with his assessors hears.
Dryden.

'Twixt two wide roads, our good forefathers' care,
A grand Rotonda lifts its head in air.
High o'er the dome a golden peacock gleams,
Within an amphitheatre it seems.
Here now assembled, by its own decree,
A solemn court, of high authority.
Female concerns, scandal, and reputation,
The weighty subjects of their consultation.
If any damsel, by misfortune crost,
Her precious virtue in the fields had lost,
Let her petition this mysterious board,
Her stolen commodity was soon restored.
If Mrs. A should flirt with Mr. B.
And jealous husband saw, or seemed to see,

Twas theirs, by process of an opiate kind,
To pour oblivion o'er the curious mind.
Or if some spouse, of deary's beauty proud,
Some harmless freedoms to a friend allowed,
Their writs prohibit meddling folks to pry,
And shield the generous man from infamy.
Blest institution! formed to ease its smart,
And drive reflection from the guilty heart!
On Vice's daughters Virtue's meed bestow,
And save a sinner from repentant woe!

The junto met, the members took their places,
All men of wisdom, with sagacious faces.
The gallant *Benbow*, with a martial air,
Assumed, and filled, the presidental chair;
Attempted oft to utter manly sense,
But oaths and passion checked his eloquence.
Then down he sat, impatient of controul,
Whilst fumes of choler choked his ardent soul.
Becco sat next, who claims an actor's praise,
And worse than Shylock, poor Antonio slays.
Amygdalus, thou favourite of the fair,
Thy solid judgment and obsequious care,
Were next invoked, and found employment there.
Two *barristers*, in desperate cases wise,
Bring all their learning, and unfeed advise.
What, though in crowds consulting clients come,
Some lawyers cannot give the law at home.

Of these was *Villicus*, of restless mind,
Who shakes his head to no one place confined,
With wit, some learning, some small love of gain,
Parboil'd, and jumbled, in a shattered brain.
In all things like a pendulum he swings,
Midst law, religion, colleges, and kings,
Till interest fixes firm his wavering soul,
Interest the guide-star of the northern pole.
So turns a weathercock to every blast,
Till stiff with rust, it points one way at last.
The secretary to the high divan
A merchant, God's best work, an honest man!
The Court convened, no cryer silence bawls,
All ears profane were banished from those walls.
Not twelve sage matrons, summoned to decide
On pregnant widow, or suspected bride,
Or view with spectacled, experienced eye,
Some curious case of imbecility;
Not Cardinals, who grope with holy care,
Lest new Pope Joans should whelp in Peter's chair;
Not midnight owls, in wisdom's garb arrayed,
Such solemn, self-important, looks displayed.
Sole judge of facts, imboxed no jury sits,
No talking counsel puzzles honest wits;
No harsh accuser 'gainst the culprit pleads,
And screws reluctant truth from perjured maids.
Bello appears, the injured lady's spouse,
Grief and despair sat lowering on his brows,

His wife's defender, tears suffused his eyes,
His blubbering mouth the power of speech denies.
Till salts and hartshorn, sovereign cure for fits,
At length restored his half suspended wits.
" In moving strains he states his heartfelt woes,
" Complains of cruel and malignant foes;
" How scandal vexed his dear beloved wife,
" Whom he had ne'er suspected in his life.
" He swore he loved her, 'twas in vain folks talked,
" Nay blessed the very ground on which she walked.
" He knew her virtue, though the world, in scorn,
" Told at eight months how swapping babes were born.
" How this a soldier, that a tar betrays,
" And a wit's smartness shines in t'other's face.
" If all were true, 'twas his concern alone,
" He took her flesh for flesh, and bone for bone,
" And loved her children, as he loved his own.
" Though many venial frailties might be found,
" Well might her merits for her faults compound.
" Flora could slip a little and recover,
" And other virtuous wives had had a lover.
" 'Twas he who suffered for his wife's disgrace,
" Cut by his friends, who snickered in his face;
" By all descriptions, high and low, abhorred,
" No guests frequent his solitary board."
He ceased, two rays ethereal from his forehead beamed,
Two arrant horns to mortal sight they seemed.

Hushed be each breeze, and mute the strifeful tongue;
Be every ear in expectation hung:
Let soft slow music only fan the air—
Behold with solemn step the injured fair!
No mean submission in her face appears,
No forced repentance fills her eyes with tears:
Clothed with consummate impudence she stands,
And asks for justice only at their hands;
Demands her trial, every proof defies,
And boldly tells the meddling world it lies.
So when some black-eyed heroine of the Strand
Holds up, at Justice Hall, her unwashed hand,
Inspired by ale, tobacco, gin, and fury,
She damns judge, witness, counsellor, and jury.
The skilful clerk her fair defence records,
Then, as by law prescribed, the court awards
Three solemn ordeals, or her guilt to show,
Or prove her conduct white as falling snow.

CANTO III.

THE ORDEALS.

Non vò già dir ch'ella non l'abbia fatto,
Che nol sapendo, il falso dir potrei.
Ariost. iv. 65.

Of this action not guilty I will not pronouce her,
Since, not knowing the truth, I might tell a great bouncer.

The rosy Hours unbar the heavenly gate (5)
Of day, now pregnant with a Lady's fate.
The judges sat. The anxious crowd around
In awful silence check each rising sound.
Near where Saint Lawrence delved his wondrous cells,
In Sherwood's wilds, an ancient Druid dwells.
Simple his manners, simpler yet his wit,
Yet skilled in all that learned Merlin writ.
Each constellation by its name he knew,
And culled each plant that sips the silver dew.
His wondrous charms the labouring moon control,
And drag its secret from the closest soul.
Him now they summoned: joyful he attends:
The friends of Heaven are innocence's friends.

With looks mysterious, robed in purest white, (6)
The sacred man began the magic rite.
With sable wand a circle on the ground
He traced, with unknown figures marked around.
Thrice to the East his head submissive vails,
Thrice to the region of Hesperian gales,
Then the black tome, with quivering voice, he read,
Which to dark Earth consigns the silent dead,
Corrupted mortals calls to life again,
And firmly binds the adamantine chain.
A charmed substance from his vest he drew,
And held it high, exposed to public view;
Of herbs, and flowers, by magic skill compressed,
Strange words he muttered, and the crowd addressed.
" Hear, all ye people, see this sacred cake,
" And hence let sinners awful warning take!
" If any foul adulteress dare presume
" This charm to swallow, mark her certain doom.
" Senseless, distracted, and convulsed with pain,
" Instant she swells, turns black, and bursts in twain."
Bella unawed, her lily hand extends,
And gently takes it with her fingers' ends.
" Be that, or worse, my wretched fate," she cries,
" If this true heart a real guilt denies,
" If, e'en in thought, I broke my solemn vows,
" Or fixed one antler on my good man's brows,
" If wilful falsehood e'er these lips has past,
" May this be poison, and this hour my last!"

Whilst dreadful fears the gaping crowd appall,
With steady face, she fairly eats it all.
They gaze, but soon their panic fears are o'er,
She smiles and looks more charming than before. (7)
No livid spots the brilliant rouge deform,
No swellings rise, but nature's amorous form.
No strange eclipse obscures the star of day,
No earthquakes gape, no pallid lightnings play.
The audience clap, Sir *Bello* smiles applause,
And hails the triumph of his Lady's cause.
Deluded mortals! little do you know
The secret causes of events below!
A hair, a spark, a breath, a grain of sand,
Can save, or ruin, an imperial land.
Well might they spare their wonder, had they known,
A secret trusted to the Muse alone.
Her piercing, telescopic, eye observed,
When from the rigid path the Druid swerved;
How soft benevolence his heart inclined,
The cloak of love to cast o'er all mankind.
And though, no doubt, the Lady's soul was pure,
'Twas best from accidents to be secure.
So, as the famed John Hunter once 'tis said,
Imagined ailments cured with pills of bread,
The good old man contrived the Court to hum,
And formed his harmless spell of new-baked crumb.
And now stand forth, and answer, name by name,
Twelve compurgators of the Lady's fame.

Six piebald footmen, all in liveries new,
With six meek slipslops, formed the motley crew.
Maidens well skilled the secret tale to bear,
And whisper scandal in their Lady's ear,
Ope the wet wafer, through a crevice pry,
Or to a key-hole fix the curious eye.
Ranged by the President around they stand,
Each with a sacred volume in his hand;
Each to high heaven his bared right hand erects,
These words repeating, as the clerk directs.
" Hear, O ye judges! all ye people, hear!
" By all the dreadful powers of Styx we swear,
" That ne'er, or sitting, standing, kneeling, lying,
" Prone, or supine, in walking, swimming, flying,
" On bed, chair, sofa, either up or down,
" In doors or out, in country or in town,
" Never did Bella her fair fame disgrace,
" By deeds of darkness done before our face.
" So may heaven shield poor servants from disasters,
" And grant kind mistresses, and purblind masters!"
They kiss the book, the Court declares *nem. con.*
Complete the Lady's exculpation.
Another awful trial still remains,
To cleanse fair *Bella* from imputed stains;
With banded eyes, and step-performing legs,
To dance nine times o'er nine endangered eggs;
Condemned as guilty should but one be found
To shed its golden honours on the ground.

Bella advancing, her kind husband bound
A silken shawl her darkened eyes around.
A secret sympathy had swayed his mind,
Thus unknown favours to repay in kind.
The eggs are placed irregularly true,
Whilst all the audience shudder at the view.
Bella amongst them nimbly plays her part,
Skipping and footing, like the bounding hart.
Her many twinkling feet they scarce descry,
This way and that the eggs unbroken fly,
And whilst she passes full nine times or more,
No yellow currents stain the plastered floor.
Not *Don Chloroso* could perform so well—
Yet the plain truth the honest Muse must tell.
For *Jane* and *Polly Hayes* considered long,
Eggs were but brittle, Mistress *might* step wrong.
So nine sham eggs, in place of true, were brought,
With skilful hand by Polly's husband wrought,
So nicely formed in statuary stone,
No mortal hen could tell them from her own.

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CANTO IV.

THE CHAMPION.

Arma, virumque cano. *Virgil.*
Arms and the man I sing. *Dryden.*

ARE there no fevers, earthquakes, fires, or waves?
Is age too slow to furnish food for graves?
Must reason's lord more rapid aids afford,
Aim the swift ball, or point the murdering sword?
Is war too bloodless? Fashion's stern command
Bids friend 'gainst friend direct his slaughtering hand.
To wreak an harlot's hate, a look awry,
A dog affronted, or a dubious die,
The dastard wretch, who dares not boldly face
The scorn of fools, the undeserved disgrace,
Defies his Maker, and remorseless hears
An orphan's wailings, and a widow's tears;
Or shewing measured courage, fair, and cool,
Sinks in the deep abyss by honour's nicest rule.

Not so, when blazing with the generous zeal,
Thy sons, O Chivalry, transcendent feel,
Some knight erratic sallies forth in arms,
The *preux chevalier* of a lady's charms,
And proves by dint of prowess and hard blows,
The unsullied brightness of the virgin rose.
Such, gallant *Benbow,* was thy vast design,
In feats of war in *Bella's* cause to shine.
'Twas emulation roused thy lofty mind,
To bear the palm of glory from mankind.
" From east to west shall dashing Nelson roam,
" And bring whole loads of stars and ribbands home?
" Shall bold Sir Andrew, with an honest curse,
" Exhaust his bottle, and recruit his purse?
" Whilst unemployed my manly years I waste,
" Unpensioned, unpromoted, unbeplaced?
" Like some fat whale, when ebbing tides retire,
" Left on dry land, or floundering in the mire!
" What though to curb proud France, or wealthy
" Spain,
" I fight no venturous battles on the main,
" Immortal chaplets, in Arcadia grown,
" Shall wave in conquering splendor o'er my crown."
He spake. Applauding friends around him placed
The bold resolve with acclamations graced.
" To arms! to arms!" the ardent party cries,
And shouts for future victories rend the skies.

Bella's and *Benbow's* names resound in air,
The bravest champion he, and she the fairest fair!
The ceremonial fixed in meet array,
Weapons are named, appointed place and day.
Nor could Sir Isaac, Garter's martial king,
With greater science have arranged the thing.
Three market days was proclamation made,
To distant realms, in solemn form displayed.
The deep-toned morning gun announced afar.
The dawn, fit prologue to a day of war.
Now are the roads alive, the waters white,
With shoals of strangers crowding to the sight.
Just where four streets a cross-like corner trace,
And news collects the quidnuncs of the place;
" The wind's due south and east—three mails are
" due—
" The Boston papers never can be true—
" 'Tis certain Buonaparte's beat—the Russians
" Have joined the coalition, and the Prussians—
" Turkies are scarce—is any thing in Minns?
" The colonel's lady's brought to bed of twins."
'Twas here the lists were formed, a platform wide,
Well built of planks, extends from side to side.
The clock strikes twelve, behold the grand pro-
cession,
By Powell marshalled all in due succession!
Six bagpipes lead the van, and drone and squeak,
Six cow-horns roar, and six cracked hautbois creak.

Next, two and two, a crew of jolly tars,
Each reft of members in his country's wars;
And this an arm, and that a leg disdains,
This lost one eye, and that full half his brains.
They stump away, and, as their quids they turn,
With prizes flush for *Bella's* honour burn.
A boatswain waved the banner close behind,
It seemed a smicket fluttering in the wind.
Ich Dien the motto, suited to a hair,
Denoted martial service to the fair.
A goose the impress, on a field of gules,
Emblazoned proper by heraldic rules.
A lop-eared ass, so solemn, meek, and staid,
The standard-bearer's uncouth form displayed,
And ever and anon in pleasing discord brayed.
Clerks hymning Sternhold's metre through the nose,
And drawling priests the sacred band compose.
The sacred band *Pedanto's* self precede,
With prayers full charged to sanctify the deed.
In all the pomp of pedantry he strides,
His barren head a bushy caxen hides;
His eyes turned up in act prepared to cant,
Yet leering sly at pretty maids ascant.
Sound, sound, ye trumpets! beat, ye kettle drums!
He comes! he comes! the warlike hero comes!
He comes, the challenger, in knightly pride,
His squire a second Sancho by his side.

And all around such thundering looks he cast,
Milk and small beer turned acid as he past.
A mob of drunken drabs behind appear,
And ragged boys and girls bring up the rear.
Arrived, they mount the platform, and the saint
Proceeds to bless their arms in accents quaint.
" Grant, peaceful heaven, thy favour to our blows,
" And, in thy mercy, blast thy Flamen's foes!
" My sacred veil o'er Bella's flaws extends,
" Her foes are mine, and mine her chosen friends.
" Then shall thy pedagogue undoubted claim
" A proud monopoly of pedant fame:
" To wondering boobies Lilly's rules expound,
" And scatter grammar learning all around.
" Pure from the Hippocrene of Liffy's rill,
" Shall Attic streams in birchen showers distill,
" Mix with the fumes Columbian compost yields,
" And raise huge fungus's in learning's fields;
" Force sickly crops of scholars out of season,
" Hot-beds of learning, eloquence, and reason.
" Unlike to ancient Britain's worn-out soil,
" Where finest plants are raised by years of toil,
" Our well-taught lads their graduate men shall
" shame,
" And school-boy doctors find their way to fame,
" In physic, law, and gospel, earn their fee,
" E'er Europe's babes have learned their rule of
" three.

" No narrow laws these blessings shall confine
" Within the pale of orthodoxy's line.
" Sectaries of every form and face shall raise
" A broad-based altar to their master's praise.
" Fraught with new arms 'gainst Church and State
" to fight,
" Still to dissent, and still to prove it right.
" And though the Church should lose, should I repine?
" The Kirk will hail me, liberal divine!
" Our Alma Mater's all-receiving dome,
" Shall raise up seed to Scotland, France, and Rome,
" Which planted, pruned, and watered, all by me,
" Will soon produce a mongrel progeny.
" Their fame my pen shall spread in every place,
" And fill whole reams of letters to *His grace.*
" Raised by myself my image fair shall stand,
" The self-made Alfred of a barbarous land.
" The rites my priest, my Cocchius, shall attend,
" And lead the notes of flattery that ascend.
" Suffused with incense from a thousand hands,
" The rapturing thought my swelling soul expands.
" Come then, blessed days! and thou, my darling
" son,
" Complete the work thy courage has begun.
" Slay, and destroy, thy calling is divine,
" Heaven may have pity, to avenge be thine."
Blessed and caparisoned, the doughty knight
Arose like Paris for the glorious fight.

High o'er his crest an azure garter shone,
'Twas Bella's self bestowed the splendid boon.
The trumpeters from brazen bugles sound
The notes of war, and all the shores resound.
A herald's voice the loud defiance hurled—
" *Benbow, the challenger, against the world,*
" *Fair Bella's virtue free from carnal stains,*
" *With earthly honour, life, and limb maintains.*"
With sullen mien, with heavy step and slow,
On conquest bent, he marches to and fro.
Savage and fierce, as when on Pampas plains, (8)
Some curled bull, who o'er the pasture reigns,
Hears in the distant vales a brother king,
And with loud bellows makes the welkin ring.
He stamps, he roars, he buts, he kicks, he tears,
And frightens boldest men, nay, loupcervies, and bears.
Meantime the rival steer nor hears, nor heeds,
But grazes tranquil in the flowery meads;
Sips the clear stream, or breathes, in piny groves,
The milky fragrance of his brindled loves.
Thus for one hour the knight maintain'd his place,
Nor dared his foe to shew his recreant face.
The next, more fretful and impatient grown,
By outward deeds his inward fumes were shewn.
On high he brandished oft his knotted oak,
Looked woeful grim, and oaths tremendous spoke.
Started at every noise, and trod the stage,
In all the sensibility of rage.

As when rude boys, upon a holiday, (9)
Who cease to work, but quite forget to pray,
Roving in woods, a porcupine espy,
By nature armed in speary panoply:
The bristly porcupine defends his ground,
Whilst curs and terriers eye him round and round.
Snap, bark, and wag their tails, but dare not bite,
Then grin and curl their lips for very spite.
So fared the knight, for, maugre all his din,
His foes, in prudence, safely kept within.
Whilst in idea their hearts' blood he spills,
He suffers most severely from their quills.
As Hudibras's trenchant blade, for lack
Of valiant enemies to hew and hack,
Would eat itself, so *Benbow's* tyrant vein
Devoured, no glutton's meal, his boiling brain.
E'er the third anxious hour had reached its close,
Rage first to fury, then to madness rose.
Poor man! His rolling eyes, and death-like face,
Betray too plain his melancholy case.
His pace increases, and his cudgel falls
In deadly bruises on the guiltless walls.
And, as he whirls his massy weapon round,
He grins, and mutters, in an hollow sound,
Strange contrarieties in medly joined,
Patches, and odds and ends, of every kind,
Chaotic wanderings of a puddled mind.
Raves much of Pindar, and bestows hard curses
On all poor poets, verse-makers, and verses.

Swears they are imps incarnate, and designed,
Foxes and firebrands like, to burn mankind;
To do the devil's work, and, o'er hot embers,
To grill and carbonado sinful members.
Sudden he bounds, as when a greyhound spies
A hare, and eager on the caitiff flies.
Dash! Overturns nine tailors in his way,
And like a falcon pounces on his prey.
"The dog! I have him." "Lord, sir, (with
"squall,)
"'Tis Nancy Dennis in her cardinal.
"She's almost choked, your honour's much to blame,
"To shew your manhood on a good old dame."
Rescued by neighbours at her latest gasp,
She leaves her well-trimmed bonnet in his grasp.(10)
The well-trimmed bonnet 'midst the crowd he threw;
The mob with smiles the heroic trophy view.
He grumbles. "Soft! 'twas but a dream, I'm
"wrong,
"But all the hags in town sha'nt save them long."
"There, there again! ye black infernal powers,
"Avast! avast! and victory is ours."
With strength renewed, he plies his club again,
And benches, posts, and rails his strokes sustain.
Confusion reigns, the cracking benches yield,
Post follows post, and soon he clears the field.
Imagination haunts him still. He sees
Strange visions, numberless as forest trees.

Roaring, he cries, " What horrid form appears,
" All eyes, all tongues, all fingers, and all ears !
" It laughs, and grins, behind me, and before ;
" I strike, it mocks me, and but laughs the more.
" A thousand voices, in incessant peal,
" Still call me. Heavy blows around I deal,
" 'Tis here, 'tis there, but, zounds, it cannot feel.
" Believe me, friend, it says, or seems to say,
" Put up thy tool, and peaceful go thy way.
" Sooner shall mortal stop the rising tide,
" Or calm the storm that rages far and wide,
" Than ye by blustering combination here,
" PUBLIC OPINION check in its career.
" Plain and sincere, and seldom in the wrong,
" It calls a spade a spade, a prong a prong.
" If women act unseemly, it applies
" The proper name, nor heeds the thin disguise ;
" Sees genuine character through vain parade,
" The mummery of holy masquerade ;
" Marks inconsistencies, gives all their due,
" And shakes its sides at folly's tickling view.
" Its terrors, virtue's guardians, oft prevail,
" When honour, laws, and meek religion fail."
Just now arrived three varlets kept in pay
By Tom Monro, in Bedlam's realms to sway.
The mighty chief they vanquished soon, and dress'd
In straitening girdle, and that sleeveless vest.
As Fate decreed, the Hogreeves passed that way,
With a poor pig that hapless chanced to stray.

On the same truck the gallant knight was laid,
And, cheek by jowl; with piggy home conveyed.
A skilful doctor breathed the hero's vein,
And twenty ounces scarcely cooled his brain.
Till jalopped, calomelled, and starved, and stewed,
The dark, fermenting humours were subdued.
Yet at the changing moon, or when the dog-star reigns,
A curious eye may see a vestige still remains.

CANTO V.

THE TRIUMPH.

Da tutti gli altri tanto onore, e tante
Riverenzie fur fatte alla Bella donna,
Che non ne potrian far più, se tra loro
Fosse dea scesa dal superno coro.

Ariosto, Cant. vii. st. 9.

Low bows and sinking curtesies proclaim
Their adoration of the beauteous dame.
Nor could devotion kneel in humbler guise,
Had Heaven's proud queen descended from the skies.

O FOR the muse, who whilom did inspire
Anacreon's elegant translator's lyre,
Aloft on Della Crusca's wings to soar,
Sublimed by Kotzebue's illumined lore;
And taught great truths, known only to the wise,
That pleasure's virtue, pain alone is vice,
That all our duties, from our passions flow,
Enjoyment best obedience here below;
In treacherous colours tricked the frail one's part,
Portrayed the sweetness of her feeling heart,

But veiled in clouds an helpless offspring's stain,
An injured husband's agonizing pain.
Then should my verse in soft meanders wind,
Far above vulgar common sense refined,
Blaspheme my God, to keep the table laughing,
Find Trinities in singing, loving, quaffing,
And like the splendours of a feverish dream,
Pour false illusions, worthy of my theme;
Mantling, to sooth in warbling lullaby,
The warm-eyed babes of sensibility.
But *Discord* now *Arcadia's* fate revolved,
And *Bella's* triumph to complete resolved.
Perched like a raven on the golden ball,
Where chimes to dinner hungry soldiers call
The loyal City he examines round,
Till some fit tool of kindred mind be found.
Nor searches long, but soon directs his eyes,
Where from the sea Britannia's glories rise.
Superbo there, magnificent and proud,
Smiles with complacence on the dunghill crowd.
To high commands by signal merit raised,
The great he flattered, and their vices praised.
Unreal vision! formed for empty show,
All pomp above, and meanness all below!
See his rich board with cheapened dainties spread,
Whilst hungry servants call in vain for bread.
The starving footmen, ranging round the seats,
Grudge every mouthful which the stranger eats.

Him *Discord* instigates, with practised sway,
To honour *Bella* by a festive day.
Cards fly by packs to folks of each degree,
" Request the favour with R. S. V. P." (11)
What sleepless nights poor milliners sustained;
Of best carmine what druggists' shops were drained;
What turkies, chickens, pigs, and pigeons, fell,
To grace the banquet, not the Muse could tell.

The evening came, the sun withdrew his light,
And left the world to folly, vice, and night.
The dames arrive, in muslins, gauzes, satins,
In chariots, coaches, one-horse chairs, and pattens.
Argand's trimmed lamps their fluttering light display,
Nor lawn nor ladies weep the absent day.
The gaudy banners flutter to the air,
The silver sideboard groans with sumptuous fare;
The fiddles crash, the merry tambours beat,
In notes responsive to the dancer's feet:
Through female veins the piercing octave thrills,
And Dartmouth echoes from his pine-clad hills.

Beneath a canopy's resplendent head,
Her glowing charms victorious *Bella* spread:
With trinkets dizzened out from head to toe,
The well-earned spoils of many a vanquished foe.
Three blooming brides, in honey-moon elate,
Like Venus' Graces, round the goddess wait.
Triumphant joy her smiling face expands,
Whilst all around her form her faithful bands.

On every side congratulations flow,
Crowds press on crowds their ardent love to show;
All the great little, and the little great,
Great men of law, great ministers of state:
Great treasurers, ice-struck at Lord Melville's falling,
Great fools, great knaves, great folks of every calling:
Great harlots into honest women made,
And some who still profess the thriving trade:
Great gallipots, great saints, and greater sinners,
And all who love great dances and great dinners:
Great ladies who the charms of home despise,
And pleasure's call above decorum prize:
Red coats, and blue coats, all together squeeze,
Buzzing and honeyed like a swarm of bees.
  Foremost in zeal, as deepest in offence,
Behold the slanderers of injured innocence,
Bella's apostate, scandalizing friends,
With fortune changed, and prompt to make amends,
With prudent foresight, prostrate at her feet,
Prepared, that bitterest food, their own foul words,
    to eat.
All bring their offerings, nor think this too dear,
A wife's, or that a sister's, character.
Virgins unnumbered, blooming and divine,
Their mothers immolate at Bella's shrine.
Their generous host, attached to all the sex,
No nice distinctions puzzle and perplex,

True to the cause, he every fair defends,
And with his credit props his falling friends.
A luscious Bard, whom wanton maids admire,
Sang the gay triumph to his tinkling lyre.
" Oh! do not dim," he sang, " the diamond o'er,
" Which sullied once can beam no more.
" Oh! do not ope the scented urn,
" Whose odour fled will ne'er return.
" Is not her mind a gentle mind?
" Is not her heart a heart refined?
" Has she not every blameless grace,
" That Love on Virtue's brow can trace?
" And oh! is that a shrine for sin,
" To hold her hateful worship in?
" Though slanderers' withering words should wound
" thee,
" Though all the world may freeze around thee,
" Oh! thou'lt be like the lucid tear,
" Which, bright within the crystal's sphere,
" In liquid purity was found,
" Tho' all had been congealed around.
" Floating in frost, it mocked the chill,
" Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still."
And now advanced the sable stoled race,
Of grave demeanour and submissive face:
And those who ruled their infantine domain,
Nor sternly bore the birchin rod in vain.
From purest realms of Academic truth,
See too the guardians of Arcadia's youth.

Borne by the stream their firmness should have
check'd,
Their morals floated, and their duty wrecked,
Alas! they kneel, by *Bella's* smiles subdued,
A sad prognostic for the rising brood!
How persecuted and insulted now the few
Amongst the faithless still to virtue true!
Who undismayed, and from contagion free,
Refused to Bel to bow the suppliant knee;
And midst low, ill-bred scorn, unmoved remained,
And all their sex's noblest pride sustained.
Nor birth, nor rank, with every grace combined,
Not all the beauties both of form and mind,
Their fair possessors saved from vulgar spite,
Despised and hooted on that shameless night.
'Tis done! the glorious triumph is complete,
The sacred orders crouch at *Bella's* feet.
The female Virtues, bleeding at the sight,
To Heaven's high portal wing their hasty flight.
Discord descends, her head with laurel crowned,
And hell's broad roofs with noisy pæans sound.

NOTES

TO

THE THREE ORDEALS.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

1. *O thou whose ardent and resistless sway.*

The classical reader need not be told, that these lines allude to the celebrated invocation of Venus in Lucretius.

2. *As some fierce fire, when droughty August reigns.*

A simile imitated by Homer, Book. xi. l. 155. and Book xx. l. 490.

> Ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἀΐδηλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἰμαδίσῃ ὕλῃ,
> Πάντῃ σ' εἰλυφόων ἄνεμος φέρει· οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι
> Πρόῤῥιζοι πίπτουσιν ὑπαιγομένοι πυρὸς ὁρμῇ.

> As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
> And o'er the forest roll the flood of fire,
> In blazing heaps the groves old honours fall,
> And one refulgent ruin levels all.
>
> *Pope*, b. xi. l. 201.

3. *Dropped from a Dutchman's pipe, an atom coal.*

—— πολλὰν τ' ὀρσι πῦρ ἐξ ἰνὸς
Στίρματος ἴνθορον ἀϊστώσιν ὕλαν.

Pindar, Olymp.

Μίκρον γὰρ ἐκ λαμπτῆρος Ἴδαιον λίπας
Πρῆσαι ἂν τις. Eurip. Frag. Ino. Beck. 450.

4. *By heaven, or hell, the victory shall be mine.*

Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.

CANTO III.

5. *The rosy Hours unbar the heavenly gate!*

Three Ordeals, or trials of innocence, were in use amongst the Saxons. 1. The *Corsnet*, or morsel of execration, which, being consecrated with a form of exorcism, was believed to cause convulsions and paleness if the party was guilty, to stick in his throat and kill him. 2. By *Compurgators*, who swore they believed the party spoke the truth, and was innocent. 3. The *Fire Ordeal*, by walking barefoot, and blinded, over nine red-hot ploughshares, and if he escaped unhurt he was adjudged innocent. By this method, Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, cleared her character. See Blackstone, vol. iv. ch. 27. Similar proofs were in use in other nations, as in the Gothic and Roman liturgies, (Mosheim, vol. ii. p. 574.) by the Britons, and Hindus, and many barbarous nations. See Asiatic Researches, vol. i. p. 389.

Chloroso was a conjuror, who performed this feat with eggs.

6. *With looks mysterious, robed in purest white.*

See Tasso Gierusalemme, Cant. xiii. st. 5.

7. *She smiles, and looks more charming than before.*

——Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo.——

Horace, Odę ii. 8.

CANTO IV.

8. *Savage and fierce, as when on Pampas plains.*

Imitated by Virgil:

Mugitus veluti cum prima in prælia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque irasci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco: ventosque lacessit
Ictibus, et sparsa ad pugnam proludit arena.

Virgil, Æneid. lib. xii. 103.

And perhaps improved by Tasso, Gier. Cant. vii. st. 55.

Non altramente il tauro, ove l'irriti
Geloso amor con stimuli pungenti:
Horribilmente mugge, e co' muggiti
Gli spiriti in se risveglia, è ire ardenti:
E' l corno aguzza à i tronchi, é par' ch' invite
Con vani colpi à la battaglia i venti.
Sparge col piè l'arena, è 'l suo rivali
Da lunge sfida à guerra aspra e mortale.

So fares the bull in his loved female's sight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Dryden's Virgil.

9. *As when rude boys, upon a holiday.*

Ὡς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνες θαλεροί τ' αἰζηοὶ
Σεύωνται, ὁ δέ τ' ἶσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο,
Θήγων λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῆσι γίνυσσιν·
Ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἀΐσσονται· ὑπαὶ δέ τι κόμπος ὀδόντων
Γίγνεται· οἱ δὲ μίνουσιν ἄφαρ δεινόν περ ἐόντα.

Hom. Il. Α. 414.

So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsman, and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd,
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.

Pope.

οἱ δὲ νομῆες
Αὖτως ἰνδίησαν, ταχίας κύνας ὀτρύνοντες,
Οἱ δ' ἤτοι δακέειν μὲν ἀπετρωπῶντο λεόντων,
Ἱστάμενοι δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ὑλάκτεον, ἔκ τ' ἀλέοντο.

Hom. Il. Σ. 584.

—In vain the dogs, the men withstood,
The dogs (oft cheered in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Pope.

10. *She leaves her well-trimmed bonnet in his grasp.*

Applied to Menelaus's throwing Paris's helmet amongst the crowd.

Κυνὴ δὶ τρυφάλεια ἄμ' ἵστετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
Τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ' ἥρως μετ' ἰὼκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
Ῥίψ' ἐσιδυνήσας, κόμισαν δ' ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι.
Hom. Il. Γ. 375.

But Venus trembled for the Prince of Troy—
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polished trophy view.
Pope.

CANTO V.

11. *R. S. V. P.*

Response s'il vous plait.

BALLADS.

BOARSTALL TOWER.

I.

THE CHARM.

In Bernwood forest, ages past,
There dwelt a learned Necromancer;
He knew nativities to cast,
And doubtful cases he could answer.

His magic potions had such force,
Folks lost the pathway—when benighted:
Where'er he bent his morning's course,
E'en hares would run away affrighted.

Let him but speak, or write a thing
Which none could read but he,
Stolen goods from their concealment spring,
And overseers do charity.

What some ne'er knew of riper age,
The world so vastly bad is,
Poor unborn babes he made so sage,
They knew at once their daddies.

A neighbouring Squire, of little note,
Arrived one day for consultation,
Alas! he found within the throat,
A most alarming inflammation.

He winds the bugle at the gate,
The lofty tower resounds,
Then out and comes the Lackey strait,
And eke the two greyhounds.

"O what's your will," the Lackey cries,
"I pray, good sir, alight."
"Your master's aid," the Squire replies,
"I am in woeful plight."

Just at this time, by Fate's decree,
In meditation most profound,
On Europe's state and policy,
The wise Astrologer he found.

What fleeting forms of strange misrule
Would next arise on Gallia's stage,
Or if, untaught in Gallia's school,
Britain would kindle into rage.

The Sage, in lofty contemplation,
Too highly pitched for lesser slaughters,
Commits the Squire for his curation,
To the mild treatment of his daughters.

The daughters twain were *bonnes et belles,*
Well skilled in necromantic pages,
Knew more than any man could tell,
Notorious witches for their ages.

Spells they could form of herb or flower,
Like magnets, drawing and alluring,
And charms possessed of deadly-power,
Either for killing or for curing.

At their command, the blushing rose,
When winter ruled with icy sway,
Would all its fragrant charms disclose;
And cold December rival May.

The damsels heard the Squire's complaints,
And, in truth, found him no deceiver;
They felt his pulse, like piteous saints—
Enough to put him in a fever.

Then, to consult, they stepped hard by,
Into a chamber, where are found
Strange things, unseen by mortal eye,
In gay confusion scattered round.

Observe, through life, this rule of mine;
How many men 'twould save from ruin!
When female heads together join,
Be sure some mischief is in brewing!

What they did there I never knew,
But out they brought a magic spell,
Just like a ribbon to one's view,
In substance, colour, touch, and smell.

"Take this," they said, and gave advice,
How, when, and where, it should be put on.
Low bows the Squire, and home he hies,
Thoughtless, and simple as a mutton.

'Twas at that sweet and tranquil hour,
When brightest eyelids close,
Up stepped the Squire into his bower,
To find, ah me! repose.

Ties on the philter, nothing doubting,
The force of conjuring there's no telling,
For faith, which could remove a mountain,
He thought might sink a trifling swelling.

This done, with all convenient speed,
He fits his night-cap, doffs his sandals,
Repeats his *pater* and his *creed*,
Jumps into bed, and douts the candles.

So odd he found his situation,
That hours were centuries to his seeming,
He could not rest for agitation,
Nor sleep a wink for thoughts of dreaming.

At length to slumber he inclined,
But this did little mend the matter:
For, whilst he slept, within his mind,
The Charm stirred up a glorious patter.

Castles he saw, knights, squires, dwarfs, giantry,
All running in and out of wickets,
And flitting shapes that scudded by,
Like little misses in their smickets.

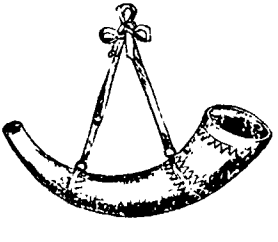
Then came the witches, with their saucy eyes,
Chattered, and grinned, and shewed their spiteful faces,
With a most horrid crew of impish entities—
Great Cass, and little Cass, cards, spades, and aces.

And then they bound him, hand and foot,
And pinched and squeezed beyond expression,
Then, bounce! they vanished down his throat,
But left strange marks of their impression.

The Squire awoke, in wondrous taking,
And, after due examination,
His throat he found no longer aching—
His heart had caught the inflammation.

Nov. 17, 1794.

This was a piece of badinage in return for a ribbon, medicated with hartshorn, given to the author by two amiable young ladies, as a cure for a sore throat, to which they had annexed some verses to laugh at him. The Magician was Doctor Littlehales, their father, a Magistrate, and his magic arts refer to his different powers in that capacity, and some little county events of the time. Bernwood Forest occupied a considerable part of the Counties of Buckingham and Oxford. The Saxon Kings had a palace at Brill to hunt there, and Boarstall Tower, where this family resided, was a lodge in the forest, held by the ancient tenure of Cornage, or blowing a horn in the King's service. An antique bugle-horn, used for that purpose, and of the time of Edward the Confessor, is still in the possession of the Aubrey family, and has been engraved by the Society of Antiquaries. The line beginning "Great Cass," relate to a game called Casino, which they had taught him.



THE BOARSTALL HORN.

II.

PEDANTO, AND FAIR AGATHINE,

OR,

A CURE FOR LOVE.

A Ballad of ancient times.

THE morning was fine, and the month it was May,
And the pine trees exhaled all their wealth,
When a Doctor so good, and a Lady so gay,
Rode out in the fields, their devotion to pay
To the Spring, for the sake of their health.

His name was Pedanto, and her's Agathine,
His years were threescore and a bit:
The lady just bloomed in the charms of eighteen,
Like the goddess of beauty and love she was seen,
And he like Death's head on a spit.

To a forest they came, which was dark and remote,
When the Saint pressed her hand to his breast,
Thrice attempted to speak, but a bur in his throat
Stopped the way, and prevented his sounding a note,
Till his utterance he hemm'd, hawk'd, and spit, to promote,
And at length thus the damsel addressed.

" By my Maker, sweet Girl, I'll no longer restrain.
" The affection which tortures my soul,
" For my blood effervesces, and maddens my brain,
" Pit-a-pat beats my heart, prayer and fasting are " vain,
" E'en bleeding affords no relief to my pain,
" And my love burns beyond all control.

" O yes, lovely Nymph, since your bib you laid by,
" And your teens superseded the child,
" I marked when your bosom first heav'd with a sigh,
" And the down on your cheek with the peach's could " vie,
" And enraptured I felt when you smiled.

" Nay shrink not, nor seem in this terrible fright,
" For I'm sure you can't think me too old:
" Observe my complexion, my features and height,
" My veins swell with rapture, my muscles are tight,
" And my pockets are well filled with gold."

How distressed was the damsel! she fainted, she
cried,
Turned pale, and then red, nor from laughter
forbore.
Had her grandfather's skeleton stood by her side,
And thus wooed her, and offered to make her his bride,
Her amazement could scarce have been more.

The Doctor persisted still nearer to creep,
The lady his suit to repel,
So she gave him a push, and his horse gave a leap,
When the Doctor no longer his saddle could keep,
And into a pond that was muddy and deep,
Plump down to the bottom he fell.

Thrice he sank in the mud, thrice emerged to the
chin,
And each time that his head he could raise,
He was heard to cry out, with deplorable din,
" O woman, the flesh, and the devil within,
" Had I never known you, I had never known sin,
" Nor thus died in the prime of my days."

Though his heart was so heavy, his body was light,
So he just made a shift to crawl out.
And then, O good Lord, what a laughable sight!
Without hat, or wig, and his noddle so white,
Was as black as a coal all about.

Hissing hot he went in, but he rose from this bed
Cold as ice, like an eel-skin, all dripping and slack,
Like Aaron's rich ointment, the mire from his head,
Down his beard, to the skirts of his petticoat spread,
And thus he jogged leisurely back.

But how the folks stared, in the town in his way,
At a figure so strange and ungain [illegible]
Geese cackled, ducks quacked, asses set up a bray,
The great dogs they barked, and the small ran away,
And the children all blubbered amain.

From that time to this, since the story was known,
Through the whole of the country, I ween,
Now the Doctor such wonderful prowess has shewn,
Neither maid, wife, or widow, my lady, or Joan,
Will trust her dear self with the Doctor alone,
When she thinks on the fair Agathine.

December, 1803.

III.

MALLIE,

OR THE THREE GHAISTS.

An imitation of Burns.

WHAT unco screeches frae the hame
Of Mallie, sonsie Mallie, sound?
Why blinks sae blue yon ingle's flame,
When a' is silent darkness round?

And what three ghaists, so fearfu' wan,
Stand wi' fixed een round Mallie's bed,
As frae some kirk-yard they had stown,
An' downa rest amang the dead?

Young Awkey loed fair Mallie weel,
An' well her luve did his repay:
They walked, and talked, o'er hill an' fiel,
An' kiuttled a' the lee-lang day.

Scottish words explained.

Ghaist, a ghost—unco, strange—frae, from—hame, home—sonsie, pretty—ingle, fire—a', all—an', and—wha, who—ee, eye—een, eyes—stown, stollen—downa, cannot—fiel, field—kiuttled, culled.

But Awkie was a sailor braw,
And maun owre sea a fechtin rin:
Then tears gan flow, on Gude they ca',
And vow their hearts shall never twin.

Now to the wars was Awkie gane,
An' fu' three days poor Mallie whined,
When lo! appeared a wealthy Thane,
An' proved to Mallie wondrous kind.

Sir Tristram was a baron bawd,
An' blessed wi' muckle rowth an' chear,
His breeks wi' gawd were a' bestrawed,
He sheened with stars, an' si like gear.

Ach me! what lass coud say him nay!
Sic fleechin, fletherin aiths he swore,
Soon Mallie's tender heart gave way,
Whilst Awkie's luve was quite forlore.

To deck his leman, Tristram tore
From Lady Ellen, sainted wife!
Each sacred ornament she wore
While Gude was pleased to spare her life.

braw, fine—maun, must—a fechtin rin, go to fight—gin, begin—Gude, God—ca', call—to twin, to part—bawd, bold—muckle rowth, great plenty—breeks, trousers—gawd, gold—fleechin, supplicating—fletherin, flattering—leman, love.

Subdued by death's unfeeling power,
Now low in earth poor Ellen lay,
A narrow coffin was her bower,
A winding sheet her best array.

Nae mair sweet sounds those ears could hear,
Which once those gorgeous jewels wore:
How changed that bosom, once sae dear,
Which erst that costly mantle bore!

And now wha but my Lady Mall?
She tossed her head wi' vauntie air,
An' leukt sae high above them all,
Her lougher friends she kent nae mair.

Fu' was her mind of warly store,
When Mallie slumbering lowed her head,
At twelve, slaw oped the gratin door,
An' three strange forms approached her bed.

'Twas Lady Ellen's ghaistly sprite,
Wha came so late to Ellen's cell:
'Twas Awkie's shade a' deadly white,
But wha the tither nane could tell.

vauntie, proud, disdainful—leukt, looked—aboon, above—lougher, lower—kent, knew—nae mair, no more—warly, worldly—wha the lither nane coud tell, nobody could tell who the other was.

But he was neither grave nor sad,
Yet nae word, guid or ill, spake he:
And still, while Mallie wailed sae bad,
Joy sparkled in his glowering ee.

Och pale was Lady Ellen's face,
An' dull an' sunken were her een,
Corruption stained her shrowdie's lace,
An' crowlin worms thrid in between.

" Awake! arise! y' hae rifed my shrine,
She cried, " y' hae bared baith flesh and bane,
" So strip those feathers, braw an' fine,
" The dead, the dead, maun hae their ain.

" Gie up, gie up, my mantle of vair,
" To hap my shivering limbs of clay:
" Damp is the grave, an' chill the air,
" Where my cauld members mouldering lay.

" Gie up, gie up, those rings sae sheen,
" Those costly robes, an' jewels bright,
" Ye manna dress sae ilka queen,
" You winna dance on earth to-night "

Wailed, cried—crowlin, crawling—thrid, threaded, in and out like a thread in sewing—rifed, rifled—bane, bone—braw, brave, fine—maun, must—ain, own—gie, give—vair, ermine—hap, wrap—cauld, cold—sheen, bright—maunna, must not—sae ilka queer, like any queen—winna, will not.

She seized fail Mallie, fau her wark;
For off her gewgaws a' she tore,
Baik mantle, jewels, robes, and sark,
An' left her nakt as she was bore.

Nest Awkie, festering a' wi bluid,
When Lady Ellen her task had done,
He gripped fair Mallie, and sware by th' rude,
"The dead, the dead, maun hae their ain."

He drew his dirk frae by his side,
His fatal dirk was sharp and sheen,
An' trenched a wound baith lang an' wide,
Fause Mallie's cruel breasts between.

Syne out her flechterin heart he drew,
An' cast it mid the ingle's blaze:
High shot the fire wi' angry sugh—
Ae moment brent it a' to ase.

Then upped the tither sprite unkennt,
An' grasped fair Mallie's bleedin corse,
An' while the heavens wi' thunder rent,
Loud spake these words in accents hoarse:

fau, foul, bad—wark, work—sark, chemise—nakt, naked—bore, born—niest, next—bluid, or blude, blood—gripped, seized—the rude, the crucifix—trenched, cut—fause, false—syne, then—flechterin, fluttering—sugh, a rushing noise—brent, burnt—ase ashes—upped, arose—unkennt, unknown—corse, body.

" Sae faithless, seely, fau' an' paughtie,
" For baubles, rechtless, naught an' vain,
" Y' hae sawld your saul, an' I hae bought ye:
" The Deel too, he maun hae his ain."

Blue lightnings gleam, a tempest blows,
Wi' eldritch fires his eyeballs glare,
Sudden a giant form he rose,
An' Mallie she was seen nae mair.

THE MORAL.

Ye tentie mithers, learn frae hence,
Your bonnie dochters weel to fence
Wi' lear, trouth, modesty, an' sense,
So guid an' clever:
They'se sair them, mair than a' your pence,
Baith now, an' iver.

seely, foolish, vain—fau, indelicate—paughtie, proud—rechtless, rash—naught, worthless—eldritch, ghastly—tentie, prudent—lear, learning—sair, serve—trouth, fidelity.

For gif their minds be puffed wi' air,
Pride, faushood, folly, gender there,
An' Sootie ne'er a deil will spare
Awa' to tak 'em,
An' be they fau, or be they fair,
Be sure he'll whack 'em.

February, 1805.

gif, if—Sootie, Satan—ne'er a deil, not a bit—fau, ugly.

IV.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

THE STORY FOUNDED IN FACT.

From the German of Bürger, in the same measure with the original.

Loud as the belfrey's swelling sound,
Loud as the pealing organ's chords,
The praises of the brave resound,
And song, not gold, their deeds rewards.
Thank God! In rough carols my voice I can raise,
A gallant man's actions to sing, and to praise.

From Afric's coast the South wind blew,
And roared through Lodi wet and rude,
The fleecy vapours swiftly flew,
Like sheep by hungry wolves pursued.
It swept o'er the fields, and it shattered the trees,
And it burst up the ice of the rivers and seas.

The summits yield their melting snow,
A thousand falling waters pour,
Lakes o'er the buried vallies flow,
The mountain torrents swell and roar.
The billows high-rolling, tumultuous, and strong,
Roll great islands of ice their deep channels along.

On Adda's stream, of massy stone,
Long since by Lombard artists reared,
There stood a bridge, and, all alone,
Mid-way a tenement appeared.
Here dwelt the Toll-keeper, with children and wife.—
"Fly, Toll-keeper! Toll-keeper! Fly for your life!"

Loud howled the storm and waves around,
The trembling walls, and arches shook,
The good man rushed upon the mound,
And saw the crash with hopeless look.
"All merciful Heaven! Human efforts are vain!
"In thee all our hopes of salvation remain!"

Piece after piece, the spreading tide
Detached huge fragments from the shore,
From both the banks, with ruin wide,
The piers and parting arches tore.
The trembling Toll-keeper, with wife and with child,
Cried as loud as the waves, or the tempest so wild.

Mass after mass the stream descends,
The tottering bulwarks disappear,
Bursting and falling, at both ends,
Arch follows arch, pier after pier.
The centre arch now was remaining alone,
Kind heaven! On these wretches thy mercy be shewn!

High on the neighbouring hillock stands
A crowd of people, great and small,
And scream, and cry, and wring their hands,
But none will aid amongst them all.
The bewildered Toll-keeper, with wife and with child,
Called for help through the noise of the tempest so wild.

When sound'st thou, song, in accents loud
As organ's swell, or belfrey's chime,
The man with fearless heart endowed?
O call him forth, my song, 'tis time!
The ruin approaches the centre arch near;
O gallant man! gallant man! now appear!

A Knight swift gallopped to the crowd,
On stately steed, a noble Knight,
Displaying, as he cried aloud,
A full purse, tempting to the sight:
"Two hundred pistoles here I hold in my hand,
"For the man who will save these poor people to land."

Who's the brave man? It is the Knight?
Proceed, my song, and tell us true.
The Knight, by Heaven! was bold in fight,
And yet a braver man I knew.
O gallant man! gallant man! now appear!
Destruction advances, how dreadfully near!

The stream swelled higher o'er the bank,
Louder and louder roared the blast,
Lower and lower courage sank,
O come, thou saviour, come in haste!
Each moment, piers, buttresses, arches, and wall,
In dreadful succession, crack, thunder, and fall.

"Will no man gain the golden stake?"
All longing eyes the prize regard,
All hear, yet all for horror quake,
Of thousands none will stir a yard.
In vain cried aloud, with his wife and his child,
The Toll-keeper for help through the tempest so wild.

Honest and plain, a peasant lad,
With oaken staff, came whistling by,
In russet homespun poorly clad,
Of rustic physiognomy.
He came just in time the Knight's offer to hear,
And saw the destruction approaching so near.

And, bold in God's protecting might,
Leaped to a fisher's small canoe,
In whirlwind, storm, and waves' despite,
He reached the scene of hopeless woe.
But, alas! the canoe was too leaky and small
To receive the poor Toll-man, wife, children, and all.

Then thrice he drives the small canoe,
In spite of whirlwind, storm, and waves,
And thrice he gains the scene of woe,
Till each reviving soul he saves.
And scarce had the boat reached in safety the bank,
When the last shattered fragment shook, tumbled, and sank.

Who's now the man of dauntless heart?
In strains of truth, my song, proceed.—
The Peasant nobly played his part,
Did gold incite the generous deed?
His life risked the Peasant, adventurous and bold,
But the Knight might have saved both his silver and gold.

"Here," cried the Knight, "thy well-earned meed,
"My friend, receive"—and warmly pressed.
Was not the Knight's a gallant deed?
The Knight a lofty soul possessed.
Yet far greater the heart, and to heaven more allied,
Which the poor peasant youth felt to beat in his side.

" Gold against life I never weigh,
" Content, though poor I'm rich withal,
" There your kind charity display,
" On this good man, bereft of all."
Thus spake the poor Peasant, saluted the Knight,
Trudged whistling along, and was soon out of sight.

'Tis verse, not gold, such deeds rewards—
Loud as the pealing turrets' sound,
Loud as the swelling organ's chords,
This brave man's praises shall resound.
Twang your harps, divine minstrels, high chorusses raise,
Never-fading such merits, immortal your praise.

This is a true story, and is related, exactly as told in the Ballad, by Horace Walpole, in the Walpoliana, vol. i. page 132. The nobleman was Count Pulverini.

V.

DAME DAPHNE,

OR THE COW.

From the German of Bürger.

Daphne her crust, her last sad meal,
Neglected, bathed in ceaseless tears.
What cares deserted widows feel,
Oppressed by poverty and years!

"On seas of endless misery tossed,
"Whither for refuge can I fly?"
Alas! her little all was lost,
Her cow was dead, her sole supply.

At early dawn, at evening late,
Homeward the tinkling kine repair:
But none now stops at Daphne's gate,
No lowings ask her wonted care.

Like a young child, by nurses cross
First weaned from comfort and content,
Morn, noon, and night she wept her loss,
Till life's weak flame was nearly spent.

Down on her wretched pallet laid,
With strangely wild and hopeless air,
Reason refused its needful aid,
Each limb was palsied with despair.

No sleep, from eve till day appeared,
Refreshed her weary, fading, powers,
Starting from horrid dreams, she heard
Each stroke that marked the tedious hours.

At dawn, the Herdsman's cheering horn
But raised new anguish in her breast;
"Why should I rise, of all forlorn?"
Then on her pillow sank for rest.

Yet 'woke her heart the Herdsman's horn,
Father of good! thy Name to praise;
Thy mercy from their state forlorn
Widows and orphans love to raise.

Heavens! what a crash! what roarings fierce
All suddenly assail her ear!
Cold chills her trembling members pierce—
"A ravening lion sure was there!

" Protect me, Angels, Guardian Saints!
" Forgive my sins and spare my life!"
She thought, to punish her complaint,
Infernal goblins raised the strife.

Yet scarcely had the tumult ceased,
And echo answered loud and clear,
Strange lowings of an unknown beast
Within the stable she could hear.

" All gracious Heaven! Have mercy, pray!
" And bind in chains the fiend of night!"
Then down in bed o'erhead she lay,
Deprived of hearing, sense, and sight.

In icy perspiration drowned,
Her heart like any hammer beat—
Again she heard the bellowing sound,
It seemed close by her pallet's feet.

From bed she sprang, with terror wild,
And ventured through a crack to peep.
The day first dawned, the morning smiled,
The sun prepared to quit the deep.

An holy cross in hand she bore,
To guard her safe from Satan's thrall,
And many a prayer repeated o'er:
Then boldly tottered towards the stall.

O wonderful! A cow was seen,
Of rosy red, as mirror sleek,
With silver star, her pleasing mien
The gentlest nature seemed to speak.

Fresh clover filled the rack below,
Hay stuffed the loft quite to the beam,
A shining milk-pail, white as snow,
Stood ready for the fragrant stream.

And, round her horns, was bound a scroll,
Whereon these written words appear—
"The good Dame Daphne to console,
"A friend unknown has sent me here.

"God gave that friend the heart to feel
"For wants and misery not his own.
"God gave him too the plenteous meal.
"He could not, selfish, eat alone."

July, 1806.

VI.

THE ALARM.

When the intelligence of Buonaparte's defeat, and the Allies entering Paris, arrived in America in 1814.

A Parody of Southey's Old Woman of Berkeley, and Kirke White's Surgeon's Warning.

THE newspapers brought the dismal news,
And the President knew what they said,
And he grew pale, at the newspapers' tale,
And trembled upon his bed.

"Now fetch me my ministers, fetch them with speed,"
Affrighted the President said,
"Clay and Munro, and Jefferson too,
"Let them hasten, or I shall be sped."

Clay and Munro, and the whole junto,
In haste to Washington went,
And the Members and Senate ran up in a minute,
When they heard that their master had sent.

The Members and Senators entered the room,
By one, by two, and by three;
With a sly grin came the federalists in,
Though none of that company.

The President swore, as they entered the door,
'Twas fearful his oaths to hear,
" O come to my aid, the President said,
" For God's sake, my brethren dear.

" I have plunged the country in needless war,
" And the judgment now must be.
" But, brothers, I have feathered all your nests,
" So pray take care of me.

" I have sunk the country deep in debt,
" That my master might chuckle with laughter,
" But Buonapart to Old Nick must depart,
" And I must soon follow after.

" I have led the country into disgrace,
" That I might an Emperor be,
" But now on my soul, an auger hole
" Is kingdom enough for me.

" When the land of our fathers was near o'erwhelm'd,
" Deep in her heart, with a baseness unknown,
" I attempted to plunge the parricide knife,
" And now it recoils in my own.

" New Brunswick, Acadia, and Canadas both,
" To have swallowed I thought at one sup,
" But an emetic has made me so sick,
" I shall bring my own garbages up.

" I visited Newark with fire and with sword,
" To plunder, to murder, and burn,
" I turned out naked women and infants to freeze,
" And the visit they now will return.

" And the Cossacks so savage, this country will ravage,
" And carve me bone from bone,
" And I, who have rifled the neighbouring province,
" Shall never have rest in my own.

" Call out the Militia, and promise them pay,
" My brethren, I beg and intreat,
" And see that their bullets are duly weighed,
" The contractor I know is a cheat.

" And let New York and Norfolk town
" Be strengthened, I implore,
" With iron bars, and with three chains,
" And ramparts evermore.

" Let Fulton his torpedoes bring,
" And great rewards be given,
" For if we dare not fight our foes,
" We'll blow them up to heaven.

" Oh Rodgers so bold, and ye brave Captains all,
" O try what you can do,
" Ye fought when the odds were two to one,
" Try now when they are one to two."

Then out the brave Militia came,
Their bullets duly weighed,
And stood all round the President,
"'Because he was afraid.

And both New York, and Norfolk too,
Were barricadoed round,
And Fulton his torpedoes brought,
With iron ringlets bound.

And Rodgers bold, and Mister Budd,
Aboard their vessels went,
And stormed and swore, like Turk or Moor,
Their sails should all be bent.

And, the first month, the Minister's crew
Were safe with their wives so dear,
But they without, a hideous rout,
Of roaring cannons hear.

A hideous roar from sea and shore,
Like a black tempest's sound,
From north and south and east and west,
That seemed to gather round.

The troops parade in seemly guise,
The barriers they were stout,
Torpedoes swarm like tortoises,
The foe was yet without.

The second month, Sir Cochrane's fleet
Off Norfolk came in sight,
And every man saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face so white.

Canadian regiments passed the line,
That the stoutest heart might shock,
With cannon roaring, like a cataract pouring
Over Niagara's rock.

The Spaniards marched from Florida,
To claim their proper land,
And looked so fierce, so black and grim,
As nought might them withstand.

The brave Militia marched and marched,
And countermarched more and more,
They fired their musquets to right and to left,
They never had fired so before.

The forts were lined with hemlock logs,
To make them fearful strong,
The troops behind the bushes squat,
Nor did they squat there long.

The third month came, to Washington
Advanced the hideous foe,
On every side, north, south, east, west,
The raging storm did blow.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momently more and more,
And strokes, as of a battering ram,
Did shake the city door.

The brave Militia they for fear,
Could fire their guns no longer,
And ordered their Captains to lead them home,
As their terror grew stronger and stronger.

The British tars the torpedoes caught
Like turtles for their mess,
And hung their owners at the yard arm—
A just reward, I guess.

And the bold Commodore, drew the ships on shore,
From out the dangerous main,
For if taken the vessels should chance to be,
They never could fight again.

And Congreve's rockets whizzed through the town,
With dreadful consternation,
The barricadoes long, that seemed so strong,
Were all in a conflagration.

The Cossacks rode through all the land,
Like locusts, or wild asses,
They speared the men, they speared the maids,
And eat up the melasses.

The Negroes rose like sable fiends,
With eyes that seemed to burn,
" You rose to gain your liberty,
" Now, Massas, Blacky's turn."

The Indians screamed with horrid yells,
Split-log and Saw-heads blood stained throngs,
Waved high their tomahawks, and whooped,
" Revenge, revenge our numerous wrongs."

The city is entered sword in hand,
The President is taken,
And his friend Old Nick now plays him a trick,
Nor steps in to save his bacon.

A whiskered Cossack seized the Pres.
And with such strength he sook him,
That his periwig, and his thickset coat,
And his breeches red forsook him.

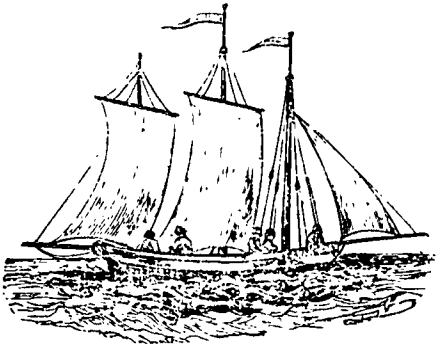
And he bade the poor man to arise,
And come with him away,
And the cold sweat stood on his trembling hide,
As the voice he was forced to obey.

So he rose on his feet, in his birth-day sheet,
His dried flesh quivered with fear,
And a groan like that which the President gave
Did never mortal hear.

The Cossack he took him to the street door,
Where he left his coal black mare,
She snorted and paw'd, and her breath was like smoke,
And her eyes had a vicious glare.

The Cossack he flung him across the horse,
And he leaped up behind,
He drove in his spurs, and they gallopped away,
And the chargers flew like the wind.

They ne'er saw him again, but his cries and shrieks,
For full four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest, at the mother's breast,
Started and screamed for fear.



VII.

THE EXPEDITION.

I sing a voyage, not like some of yore,
When Cook, and Ross, Columbus, and Cabot,
To find new islands left their native shore,
In Baffin's Bay, or Ferdinando Po.

'Twas not a military grand display
Of heroes six feet high, who make pretension
To fame and name, and fifteen pence a day,
A wooden-leg, or arm, and Chelsea pension.

Nor perilous mischance on land or flood,
Of red-hot bullets, or of colder iron.
No shipwrecks raise the hair, or freeze the blood,
Such as adorn the moral lays of Byron.

Such lofty themes demand Pindaric measures.
My muse mounts not on stilts to pluck down glory;
She loves snug parties and domestic pleasures—
Proceed we therefore with our simple story.

Lulled were the Eastern storms, and chilling rains,
The sea was calm, and smooth the pebbled shore,
When three smart ladies, and two happy swains,
The British Fair[a] from Pelham's Crescent bore.

To Fairlight's Vill their naval courses tend,
To Fairlight! favourite of the tasteful few!
Where hills, and dales, and woods together blend,
In sweet confusion, and romantic view.

Down a small dell, descending through the glades,
A trickling rill unnumbered flowers supplies,
And runs, and bounds, in miniature cascades,
Niagara's cataracts in all—but size.

Fed by the genial stream, the violet blue,
And Bethlehem's holy star of silver white,
The rose, and dandelion's golden hue,
All paint the fragrant valley with delight.

[a] The name of a sailing-boat.

The dripping well its cooling drops distills,
Slow falling, just to sooth the wakeful eye,
By anxious care, or heartfelt human ills
Kept waking, into sleep's kind panacy.

High towering o'er the rocks, the Lovers' Seat,
Displays its pictures to the dazzled sight,
Sees at his base the roaring billows beat,
But faintly heard at that tremendous height.

Why called the Lovers' Seat shall I record?
Say, shall I tell of fair Catrina's fate?
Of faithful love the merited reward,
And joys succeeding Fortune's envious hate?

In Norfolk county dwelt this lovely maid,
Rich in her friends, but more in charms and sense,
On every feature beauty was portrayed,
Gilt by the angel blush of innocence.

Marino, of a poor but generous race,
A skilful sailor o'er the stormy main,
Of manly form, and every youthful grace,
Saw, sighed, and loved, nor loved and sighed in vain.

O cruel parents, smit with love of gain,
Your daughter's fond affections why repress?
☞ Sixteen can surely better ascertain,
Than withered sixty, what is happiness.

Marino's suit her friends with proud disdain
Reject, Catrina feels their indignation,
In sad disgrace sequestered to remain
At Fairlight, in a distant habitation.

To think upon her true-love far away,
Oft, broken-hearted, would Catrina wend
To this rude cave her solitary way,
Where lofty rocks o'er Ocean's waves impend.

With sickening joy she viewed the watery plain,
Nor did the cheerful scene afford relief.
For every passing sail which crossed the main,
With fond remembrance quickened every grief.

Once as she took her melancholy stand,
She spied Marino's bark with signals fine;
Love's languages she well could understand,
And answered with her kerchief sign for sign.

On his broad ensign, made of truest blue,
In a small boat she saw two hearts in one.
The Loves and Graces formed th' aërial crew,
Cupid the Pilot, and their guide the Moon.

His boat approaches, and on shore he leaps;
Joy mixed with fear her throbbing breast alarms;
Instant she sees him mount the craggy steeps,
And found her doting lover in her arms.

In a small cove his bark at anchor lay,
All ready to depart the sails were bent,
"Come, let us haste," he said, "my love, away;"
And quick they entered on the steep descent.

Midst rugged rocks they tread, in dangerous maze,
A secret path, with cautious steps and slow,
Illumined by the moon's resplendent rays,
And land with safety on the beach below.

The plank is placed, the happy pair ascends,
The anchor weighed, the sailors ply their cares,
A favouring breeze the swelling sails befriends,
The land recedes, and flattering hope is theirs.

To Devon's smiling coast their course they guide:
To join their hands a holy man was found:
A rustic cot a nice retreat supplied,
With eglantine and roses planted round.

A dimpled girl, as any cherub sweet,
The mother's darling and the father's pride,
Now rendered all their happiness complete,
And fond affection's bands still closer tied.

☞ Fortune no temperate medium ever keeps,
And never bliss or curses singly sends,
But pours her gifts profusely, heaps on heaps,
Both on her enemies and friends.

Year after year these blessings ne'er were missing,
And goody Ruth, their knowing gossip neighbour,
Whose loving nose and chin were ever kissing,
At annual christenings never grudged her labour.

Oh! what a source of true parental joys
Did these sweet babes in beauteous form disclose!
The girls had all their mother's diamond eyes,
The boys had all their father's ruby nose.

The bib and pap-spoon were on constant duty.
For sugared milk Malvina made a splutter,
Julio fell down, and much impaired his beauty,
And Laura, crouching low, blubbered for bread and butter.

A dozen babes at once were all heard brawling,
Wrangling and jangling, squeaking, scolding, squalling,
Stealing and squealing, scratching faces, hauling,
Slapping and fighting, pulling hair and mauling.

But shoes and frocks, and hats and caps, were scarce,
And Christmas tide, with many a lengthy bill,
Sad ruin threatened, duns looked grim and fierce,
And cash grew low, and credit lower still.

☞ When chilling poverty, with griping hands,
In at the door-way finds his starving way,
Love terrified his silken wings expands,
And from the open window flies away.

Catrina cross became, Marino surly,
Enchanting smiles were changed to looks uncivil,
She scolded maids and husband, late and early—
He wished his wife and children at the devil.

Quiet to find, Marino lonely wanders,
To give some ease to sorrowful sensations,
On evils present, past, and future ponders,
And utters thus his heartfelt lamentations—

"Oh! when we quitted Fairlight's hateful shore,
"Bent on our matrimonial expedition,
"Would then some friendly demon, hovering o'er,
"Had hurled us down, and sunk us to perdition!

"In heaven above we might have found repose,
"From all the unremitting ills of life."—
He plunged into the sea, and, with his woes,
Left twice six orphans and a mourning wife.

I meant to tell how all the party fared,
How all their hearts were gladdened by a meal,
How porter, wine, and sandwiches they shared,
With cold roast beef, and savoury pies of veal,

Of Roper's wit, and Thomas, Jem, and Tom,
Of Jack's[b] amusing tricks, and how he tossed
Himself into the sea, and swam and swam,
And but for sailors' kindness had been lost.

[b] A spaniel.

And how again they went on board, and so
Homeward returned, and some were sick, some jolly—
But after such a grievous tale of woe,
I cannot tune my lyre to merry folly.

Hastings, April, 1836.

VIII.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

ONE morning old Gripus, with heart full of woe,
(The bravest of men on some days will despond [a],)
To a neighbouring church-yard determined to go,
Which he fancied would true to his sorrows respond.

'Twas a horrid, and rugged, and desolate spot,
With holes, ridges, and rocks, here low, and there high,
Yet 'twas place good enough for the dead in to rot,
In their coffins so narrow, where packed up they lie.

In mood melancholic he rambled around,
Midst the poor's humble heaps, and the tomb-stones so grand,
Till surrounded with rocks a deep bottom he found,
And here like a statue of stone took his stand.

His heart sank as deep when he thought of the grave,
Of sulphur, and roguery, and scorching, and crimes;
So resolved to repent, and his poor soul to save,
(We have all, e'en the best, such compunctions at times;)

[a] Il est des jours de deuil, et d'abattement extreme,
Ou l'homme le plus fort est à charge à lui même.
French Maxim.

When, lo! o'er his head, on the brow of the bank,
With great saucer-eyes a black demon appeared,
Down down to the bottom his fortitude sank,
When he saw his sharp horns, curly tail, and long beard.

He prayed, "Good Mister Devil, pray take me
"not hence,
"I'll be pious and honest the rest of my life,
"No longer my clients I'll cheat of their pence,
"No longer drink drams, or prove false to my wife."

His limbs all collapsed, like a dead man he fell[b],
Quite senseless, and lifeless, upon the cold ground;
But the vision with kicks, butts, and bitings as well,
To his half-witted intellects soon brought him round.

But how, notwithstanding his wounds, did it please him,
How soon did he alter his suppliant note,
When instead of the Devil just ready to seize him,
His terrible foe was an old shaggy goat!

[b] Cadde come uomo morte cade. *Dante.*

Southampton, January 6, 1837.

IX.

RAYMOND AND EMMA.

This Ballad is founded upon an event which really happened at a ball given at Port Louis near L'Orient, in France, and is recorded in the Journal de Maine et Loire.

Loudly echoing through the hall,
Resounds the minstrels' melody,
And animates the festive ball,
And the harp tinkles merrily.

And gallant knight, and lady bright,
In weeds of elegance arrayed
Skimm'd o'er the ground, with footsteps light,
And grace in every dance displayed.

But none of all the ladies fair,
None of the gallant knights so high,
With lovely Emma could compare,
Or vie with Raymond's gallantry.

Their plighted love had long been given,
Their mutual fond affection known,
Nought wanting but the man of heaven,
To join their tender hearts in one.

Selected from the brilliant band
Of beauties in the gay parterre,
He led her forth, and pressed her hand,
With looks of love and sprightly air.

True to the measure, round and round,
In giddy waltz they lightly glide,
Responsive to the music's sound—
So truly happy, side by side.

Merry the dance, and sweet the band;
Still reigning mirth and thoughtless glee;
Struck by Death's remorseless hand,
At once a lifeless corpse was he.

She knew not Death had seized his prey;
They still pursued the circling race;
Still in the dance he held his way,
Supported by her fond embrace.

But cold, and stiffened was the arm,
Entwined around her slender waist;
Yet, cold and stiff as was that arm,
It still her slender form embraced.

Nerveless and heavy was the head
That sank unfeeling on her breast,
That hand was chill, and dull as lead,
That still her lily fingers pressed.

And when the loud orchestra stopped,
An awful pause succeeded mirth,
And down the helpless body dropped,
Like a rude mass of kindred earth.

Emma, of every sense bereaved,
Sank her faithful love beside:
No words she spake, no tears relieved
Her frantic grief, she groaned and died.

Southampton, Feb. 23, 1837.

53703

PROLOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE ~~THREE~~ RIVALS,

Performed by the Gentlemen of the Garrison, at the Theatre Royal at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, February 17, 1803. Spoken by Lieutenant-Colonel Byng.

Thrown by Dame Fortune's ever-whirling wheel
On this fair coast, a just surprise we feel!
John Bull, who damns all countries but his own,
And thinks all bliss beyond the seas unknown,
Talks of her iron-bound rocks, her chilling fogs,
And holds her scarcely fit for breeding frogs.
Shrewd politicians style her, with a sneer,
" Hard featured brat, not worth the pains to rear[a]."
E'en chattering nurses, when their bantlings roar,
Wish the vexed boy on Nova Scotia's shore.

[a] Mr. Burke.

Heavens! what a change from those primeval days,
When truth from facts could such opinions raise!
When the rank wilderness o'erspread the strand,
And beasts and Indians occupied the land.
For see, at WENTWORTH'S call, before our eyes,
Palladian domes and palaces arise:
Exhausted lakes unnumbered herds adorn,
Whilst cliffs of granite wave with fields of corn.
Through trackless wilds adventurous roads pervade,
And wealth flows in, from every clime conveyed.
On Windsor's plains descend the sacred nine,
And Avon's banks may boast a bard divine.
Woods with their savage inmates disappear,
For naught but elegance can harbour here.
Behold this Theatre, so finely gilt!
Where micmacks erst the smoky wigwam built.
For filthy squaws, see lovely maids in rows,
And shaggy chiefs displaced by powdered beaux.
Fashion's a fickle goddess, as they say,
I'm sure she alters here from day to day.
Otter of roses now perfumes the fair,
Late the sweet odours of the rancid bear.
Blankets hid charms transparent gauze reveals,
Whilst clouted maug'sins sink to gypsy heels.
Where greasy skewers an eel-skin girdle graced,
A sparkling topaz gems the tempting waist.
Now clumsy hoods to flowery chaplets yield,
And scalps for Brutuses must quit the field.

Heroes no more, tattooed with azure powder,
Prefer fat porcupines to beef and chowder,
Eel soup to turtle, water to champagne,
Nor fasts and gluttony alternate reign.
What strange transitions mark the varying scene,
Like some wild gambols of the fairy queen!
Kind damsels rest where bears in slumber lay,
Who, quite as warm, can hug as close as they.
The blood-stained Sachems, whilst their rage they lose,
Bury the hatchet which they fear to use,
And where the war-whoop urged the murderous steel,
No sounds are heard but Lucy Campbell's reel.
On that same beach where fishermen, with pain,
Hauled forth the scaly natives of the main,
Alcinas meek, without or net, or line,
Can hook the fish on which they mean to dine.
But stop—sure there's no end to all this prating—
The green-room's full, the actors all are waiting—
Yet, ere I go, take it who will amiss,
I just must note our metamorphosis—
If, in these times, when acting's all the rage,
We too should quit the barracks for the stage,
Yet let not malice view, with eye severe,
Our bold attempt—*compassion* brought us here.
To aid this little bark we kindly flew,
The winds were adverse, and the hands but few;

To modest merit lent an helping oar,
And hope to bring the vessel safe to shore.
Ye, in whose breasts like sympathies prevail,
Applaud the motives, though the actors fail.

" On Windsor's plains," &c. The new University, and the River there, called the *Avon.*

" Maugasins," are the soft leather shoes worn by the Indians.

" Chowder," is a dish composed of salt pork, codfish, and biscuit, in alternate layers, with Madeira, and Cayenne pepper, stewed together.

" The war-whoop" alludes to fifty people murdered one night by the Indians, upon the first settlement of Nova Scotia.

The latter part applies to Powell, his wife, and two daughters, one of them stone deaf, who composed the whole of the *regular* company of comedians. The remainder were amateurs, chiefly of the twenty-ninth regiment.

II.

THEATRE ROYAL, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
JAN. 24, 1804.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Spoken by Major THESIGER.

BORNE on the pinions of each eastern gale,
Hoarse notes of war from Albion's shores prevail;
The Gallic tyger, deep in crimson dyed,
With full-gorg'd maw, yet not half satisfied,
His mouth still wat'ring at our beef and gold,
Whilst sharp tooth'd bull-dogs ceaseless watchings hold,
Prowls round the fold—just smells th' inviting prey
Then growls malignantly, and sneaks away.
Meanwhile, in this blest region, snug and warm,
In peace, protected from the threat'ning storm,

Beneath the British oak we sport and feed—
True thriving fatlings of Old Johnny's breed.
No blood and fire, no fierce invasion here,
Ennui's the only enemy we fear.
Against this deadly foe we take the field,
Though weak our forces, yet we scorn to yield.
Whilst in your breasts the seeds of joy are sown,
We sigh, alas! with sorrows all our own:
Gone is that prompting spirit, which, unseen,
Mov'd ev'ry spring in this immense machine;
Who taught the mimic thunder when to roll,
Prepar'd the rosin, charg'd the mustard bowl;
Could call up ghosts, that made each hair a bristle,
Or lay the devil with his magic whistle:
Turn'd men to maidens, made old dotards young,
And stopp'd that worst of plague—a vixen's tongue.
Alas! misfortunes never come alone—
With him, full half our Dram-Personæ's flown.
One spacious vessel, and one fatal day,
Took Ogleby and Jerry Sneak away;
Bob Acres, Darby, Tom, and Jemmy Jumps,
Marplot and Dick, have left us in the dumps.
The convoy follow'd to complete our ruin,
And swept off Falkland, Worthington, and Bruin.
And now, just marshall'd with some smart recruits,
Five new old wigs, and six fresh-tarnish'd suits,
More difficulties start.—What, a new play!
And ne'er a Prologue just to clear the way?

In vain each former source of wit we tried;
Each source was stagnant, and each fountain dried:—
Who sang of bears transform'd to lovely belles,
Now dreams of Puffendorffs and grave Vattels;
Not sparkling topazes can rouse his courage,
From bills of costs, expenses, and demurrage.
He, too, whose sportive pen with playful dash,
Could bring the skipper hot from Malagash,
And send him back in honour to the play,
To fetch old Gammer and a load of hay,
Vocal no more—absorb'd in filial cares,
Sooths the sad pains, which ev'ry bosom shares.
In this distress, we've done as Gemmen do,
Borrow'd the needful from an Hebrew Jew.
"Vat Mordicai? Not me—No—tish my broder,
"And fait von Moshees ish just like von oder.
"Mine broder Shylock he'sh confounded shly,
"Knows a cood ting or two—and sho do I.
"He'd shuck de blud of ev'ry Christian elf,
"Dat ish der monish—sho would I mine shelf."
To night, we're partners in this speculation,
And risk our all to gain—your approbation:
Grant we succeed—e'en Jews may be content,
For your applause is more than cent per cent.

III.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Spoken by Captain TUCKER, at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, Nova-Scotia, January 8, 1806.

WHILST Fame's loud trumpets to the world proclaim
Great deeds of war, and Britain's deathless name,
Far humbler scenes our weak attempts prepare,
The peaceful triumphs of the British fair.
Last night, whilst rambling near the market-slip,
I saw two honest tars, half drunk with flip,
Up at a Playhouse-bill they chanced to squint,
" She Stoops to Conquer" in fine large red print.
" Messmate, She Stoops to Conquer, do ye see?
" Egad, that's queer, a Conqueror a She!
" None of your moonshine, give me some good
" story,
" Of gallant Nelson, and old England's glory.

" The signal flies, the parting columns form,
" Each noble breast with emulation warm,
" High in mid air the hostile banners stream,
" And the proud crescent frowns abaft the beam,
" The thunder roars, they strike, they sink, they fly,
" And Nelson's soul ascends in victory."
Yet, honest Jack, pray didst thou never mind,
When safe on shore, thy bags with dollars lined,
Some clever wench would lead, in silken chain,
Those haughty conquerors of France and Spain?
And hearts that laugh at four and twenty pounders,
By two bright eyes knocked down as flat as flounders?

Yes, conquerors born, in every age and station,
The fair sex labour in their high vocation.
At bare fifteen, by nature taught alone,
Experienced veterans their prowess own.
Artless, yet shrewd, their native powers they prove—
A child can foil a General in love.
See when Miss Betsey, by mamma's command,
First in the ball-room takes her modest stand,
Her nurse, her doll, her sampler, all forgot,
And quite bewildered for she knows not what,
Whilst at each glance a crowd of heroes dies,
She views, with smiles, the slaughter of her eyes.

A woman grown see next the lovely maid;—
Art then succeeds as nature's beauties fade.
New stratagems she forms with rising years—
Paints, patches, powders, dresses, flirts, and leers.

As age advances, still disdains to yield,
And brings fresh weapons to the tented field,
With wit, and sense, a sharper fight maintains,
And beats us with superior weight of brains.
Resolved to vanquish, till subdued by death,
They sigh for conquests with their failing breath,
A grandam Juliet, withered, grey, and cold,
Leads captive Romeos, near a century old.
From lips of lily, and from rosy eyes,
With toothless smiles her tottering lover plies,
And, whilst he presses, with increasing glow,
" Lord, Sir, you're very comical, I vow."
Should some sweet girl, who in herself combined,
Wit, worth, and beauty, with a feeling mind,
The charms of youth, the sense of age mature,
Should such appear, what heart would be secure?
Then would mankind her sovereign power display,
Nor Emperors boast such universal sway.
We, gentle ladies, have ambition too,
And on *our* side we hope to number you.
I see you smile consent; and those you love,
Can never dare to damn what you approve.
So, allons, march, now safe in your alliance,
We'll boldly bid the censuring men defiance.

IV.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Performed at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, by Gentlemen of the Navy and Army, for the benefit of the Poor. Spoken by Major Tucker, Feb. 28, 1809.

UNBLEST the man, with puritanic rage,
Who blames the classic pleasures of the Stage,
And sees fierce demons from Avernus rise,
Raw-heads and bloody-bones, with saucer eyes,
And gaping throats, to swallow in a minute,
This vasty house, and you good people in it.
When Shakespere's heaven-taught muse, with magic art,
Holds Nature's mirror to the motley heart,
Vice, startled at her hideous image, flies,
And simpering Folly blushes, fades, and dies.

Say, when Macbeth sees daggers in the air,
And rising spectres sink him to despair,
Can mad Ambition view with looks serene
The pictur'd horrors of the moving scene?
From guilt, unharden'd sinners learn to shrink,
And tremble on the precipice's brink.
If wild Othello, in a jealous strain,
Roars at the handkerchief that caus'd his pain,
What tender spouse but melts into contrition,
That e'er he entertained one base suspicion?
When hateful Shylock whets his murderous steel,
Will black Revenge no deep compunction feel?
Whatever passions tyrannise the soul,
And agitate the world from pole to pole,
For all these moral plagues which men endure,
The Poet's skilful hand provides a cure.
Wish you a joy more exquisitely fine,
That swells the breast, with feelings more divine
Than our immortal Bard presents to view,
To nature, and to virtue, ever true?—
'Tis yours this evening.—Chilling, as it past
Through the bare forest, roared the northern blast.
See, in yon cot, which scarce excludes the cold,
A wretched female, widowed, sick, and old;
Her naked infants shivering round her bed,
Half famished ask, but ask in vain, for bread.
No more a mother's bosom brings relief,
She checks each fond request, with looks of grief.

No father's care the wonted aid supplies,
No fostering friend to close those dying eyes.
On every side are sights of anguish seen,
And numb'd Despair broods o'er the silent scene.
But when, at your command, Want disappears,
Fall'n Hope revives, and Misery dries her tears;
Whilst Gratitude ascends to Mercy's throne,
And smiling infants call a blessing down,
Ye nobly act the part by Heaven assigned,
Friends, fathers, guardians, to distressed mankind.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

A TRAVELLER TO A FROG.

Written under a brass statue in honour of a Frog.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

Τον νυμφων θεραποντα, φιλομβριον, ὑγρον αιοιδον,
Τον σταγοσιν κουφαις τερπομενον Βατραχον,
Χαλχῳ στηλωσας τις ὁδοιπορος, ευχος εθηκεν,
Καυματος εχθροτατην διψαν ακεσσαμενος.
Πλαζομενῳ γαρ εδειξεν ὑδωρ, ευκαιρον αεισας,
Κοιλαδος εκ δροσορης αμφιβιῳ στοματι.
Φωνην ἡγητειρην ὁδοιπορος ουκ απολειπων,
Εκπιε, και μοιραν διψαλεην εφυγεν.

Dank songster of the brook, who lovest to play
Thy gambols quaint around the stream-born maids,
To thy deserts I form the grateful lay,
Amid thy dewy grots, thy buzzing shades.

Half dead with thirst o'er sandy wastes I strayed,
When mid-day suns with fatal ardour glow;
Thy croaking note the secret spring betrayed,
And timely saved me from the realms below.

II.

ON A HEN

Who sat brooding over her chickens, and protected them from the snow, till she was frozen to death. By Alphæus of Mitylene, who lived in the reign of Augustus.

Χειμεριαις νιφαδεσσι παλυνομενα τιθας ορνις
Τεκνοις ευναιας αμφεχεε πτερυγας,
Μεσφα μιν ουρανιον κρυος ολεσεν· η γαρ εμεινεν
Αιθερος ουρανιων αντιπαλος νεφεων
Προκνη και Μηδεια κατ' Αιδος, αιδεσθητε,
Μητερες, ορνιθων εργα διδασκομεναι.

αιθερος is perhaps for αιθριος, sub dio.

When winter's snow in beating storms descends,
Her callow brood the mother bird defends:
Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace,
Till, froze to death, she still retains her place.
In Pluto's realm, amidst the illustrious dead,
Blush, Procne, blush; Medea, hide your head.
Of man's superior race, and high descent,
Your bloody hands your children's bosoms rent;
Whilst a poor bird, by nature taught alone,
To save her younglings' lives could sacrifice her own.

III.

A MISER TO A MOUSE.

By Lucilius, in the time of Nero.

Μυν Ασκληπιαδης ὁ φιλαργυρος ειδεν εν οικῳ,
Και τι ποιεις, φησιν, φιλτατε μυ, παρ' εμοι;
Ἡδυ δ' ὁ μυς γελασας, μηδεν, φιλε, φησι, φοβηθης,
Ουκι τροφης παρα σοι χρηζομεν, αλλα μονης.

A mouse miser Elwys once found in his house:
" What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?"
Says the mouse, sweetly smiling, " My friend do
" not fear,
" I expect not a meal, but a solitude here."

IV.

By Statyllius Flaccus, whose time is not known.

Χρυσον ανηρ εὑρων, ελιπε Βροχον αυταρ ὁ χρυσον.
Ὁν λιτεν ουχ' εὑρων, ἡψεν ὁν εὑρε Βροχον.

A man found a treasure, and what's very strange,
Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange:
The poor owner at missing his gold, full of grief,
Hung himself with the rope which was left by the
thief.

V.

On Sir William Scott's eloquent judgments upon the condemnation of certain ships, of which Mr. Freidag, the Prussian Consul, was the claimant. *Original, A. C.*

Ἡδυ γελωντα ποθ' εὑρον επ' οχθοεσι παιδα μελισσαι
Ἱπταμεναι Τινης τον Σκοτον αργυριης·
Και μελιτι γλυκερῳ χρισασαι χειλεα, φησιν
Αιτητης Φρειδαγξ, πικρατε κεντ' ελιπον.

Nov. 1798.

Translated.

When round thee, Scott, a babe of smiling eye,
The bees of silver Tine were wont to fly,
And thy young lips with honied sweets bedew,
Their stings, poor Freidag says, they left thee too.

The above Epigram was inclosed to Sir William Scott, with the following address.

Εμβδαιος, Σκοτε, σοι πεμπει, μαλα πολλα ματαιως
Ομνυμενος, Λοιδου ταυτ' απο πανδοχιου.

VI.

In Doctorem Combe, Lucinæ sacerdotem, necnon Horatii operum editorem celeberrimum. *Original, A. C.*

Εικετε, Βεντλειοι Σαναδωνεστ', εικετε Κομβῳ,
Γηγενετων ανδρων θαυμα δ' ὁρατε μεγα·
Δις μεν ες Αϊδεω Ορφει δεμις ου καταβαινειν,
Ειδε δ' ὁδι συνεχως αντ' ακορεστα Κορης.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

I.

LINES

In answer to some Verses left by two fair Ladies on quitting Studley, August 10, 1793.

In vain, my Anna, you command
The Squire of Studley's cloddy land
Converse to hold with Muses fair,
When you are gone the Lord knows where.

When Anna honoured this domain,
With sweet Eliza in her train,
Dame Nature wore her Sunday gown,
To vie with ladies fresh from Town;
But, when these charmers bade adieu,
All Nature's beauties vanished too.
Hard rains descend from lowering skies,
Owls hoot, bats flit, the baby cries,
Thick mists involve the dripping woods,
And frightened Cupid flies—to Budd's.

So when some night-bewildered swain,
Sees fairy Mab, with all her train,
Holding their midnight revelry,
With dance and elfin minstrelsy,
Th' astonished shepherd fondly views
Their floating vests of rainbow hues,
Their airy forms, their angel faces,
Their motions quick, and countless graces;
Till, sudden, from his raptured eyes
At once the splendid vision flies,
And leaves him darkling to explore,
With feet unfirm, the pathless moor.

II.

TO DOCTOR GEORGE SHAW,

In answer to a copy of verses upon a Spider on a statue of King George the Third, executed in white marble by Mrs. Damer.

Son of Linnæus, why despise
Such skill by female artist shewn,
Grace such as Athen's self would prize,
Nor Buonarotta blush to own;

Features that only do not live,
Soft flowing robes, and yielding ermine,
And all immortal fame to give
To filthy cob-web-weaving vermine?

Should Fortune, just in wanton play,
Unloose fair Damer's sparkling zone,
And all her native charms display,
On some soft sofa quite alone.

If in the ringlets of her hair,
(Could foulness dwell so near perfection,)
An insect lurked, you'd scorn the fair,
To add the beast to your collection.

III.

ODE OF LAMENTATION,

When Cheese was declared contraband by the Court of Admiralty.

STROPHE I.

What sounds so strange from Cambria's lavered shore,
Invade th' astounded ear,
Like the surd torrent's undistinguished roar,
Beneath the trembling ground,
That winds his channel drear,
Murmuring, shrieking,
Gibbering, squeaking?
One knows not what to think, or what to fear.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Plinlimmon dark, and Cader-Idris vast,
And cloud-capped Snowden quaking to their bases,
(The fear-struck shepherd stands aghast)
In wondrous mood,
Forth from their pondrous wombs extrude,
The murine and sorician races.

EPODE I.

With accents shrill they fill the land,
On their devoted heads black Fortune scowls,
A prey to cats, and traps, and boys, and owls,
And now their much-loved food judged contraband.

STROPHE II.

But who are those sad maids in Clwyd's vale,
That utter wild dismay,
In wild procession to the howling gale,
Their sturdy feet yclad in azure hose,
Whilst others naked charms display,
In ruby tints, that vie
With that famed Tyrian dye,
Or when the God of day,
Shines on the full-blown rose?

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ill-fated virgins! now ye press no more
The velvet udders of the mottled kine,
And, as ye milk, in numbers strong and fine,
In grating unison discordant join,
Hymns, such as echoed in the days of yore,
To Merdhin, or high Taliessin's harp,
Your long-lost Arthur weeping,
Ye fabling sang, Alas! he is not sleeping,
But dead!
Your strains so loud, so shrill, so piercing sharp,
Would rouse e'en Morpheus from his Lethe's bed.

EPODE II.

Around, I hear, above, below,
Deep grief, and tears saline in swelling torrents flow,
For, lo!
The guardian Deities of Britain's dairies rise!
Strong Chester leads the choir, of round majestic size,
Next Gloucester, mild in heart, with tawny face,
And Berkeley, first of Gloucester's wealthy race,
Soft Bath, rich Wilts, Stilton of highest name,
And Chedder pale, rival of Parma's fame,
And meagre Suffolk, wronged of half his due,
And modest Banbury of rustic hue,
Who veils in wrinkled form charms ever young and new.
Attendant milk maids aid the cry,
And in loud threats express their fears—
See how they toss their rattling skimmers high!
Hark! fired by their martial notes,
Cats and dogs,
Geese and hogs,
And croaking frogs,
Pour their soul-unhinging throats,
With bellowing bulls, gobbling turkies, bleating goats—
Sounds of confusion! spare my aching ears!!

IV.

TO A LADY,

Who was apt to find indelicacy, where none was intended.

THE man, to one idea prone,
Perceives it in each stick and stone;
By night, by day, through all disguises,
The favourite, haunting vision rises.

A barber, once, to Paris went,
Upon his mind's improvement bent.
Not Paris stuffed with vile poissardes,
Rude sans-culottes, or tyrant guards,
But Paris in the old regime,
Of taste and fashion quite the cream.
He saw all sights the French could shew,
Marli, Versailles, and Fontainbleau.
Returned, his neighbours flock around,
To hear Toupee's remarks profound.
They ask what struck his observation;
Was it the manners of the nation?

Its bridges, monuments, or places,
Spectacles, dancers, female graces?
Or with most pleasure had he seen
The splendid court, and lovely queen?

They cease: he answers, and unravels
The sum of all his useful travels—
"The king's, said he, in my opinion,
"The best shaved man in his dominion."

When dainty Celia can discern
Indecency at every turn,
Her own luxuriant soul supplies
The phantom, hid from others' eyes.
Each object, like a mirror true,
Reflects the image to her view,
And thus displays to all mankind
The darling thoughts of Celia's mind.

V.

THE RING,

OR CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

Quoth Harriet, 'tis a strange mysterious thing
A gentleman should wear a ring—
I must and will discover all about it—
I'm sure some secret is behind—
If 'twere a ring of any other kind,
The reason were so palpable that none could doubt it.

A ring of brilliants is so grand,
And adds such beauty to a pretty hand;
A ring of hair
Might have adorned the head
Of some dear friend, alive or dead,
A sweetheart, wife, or child, or cousin fair.

A man of his acknowledged taste,
Upon his finger might have placed

A choice antique of Greece or Rome,
Or right Egyptian from a catacomb,
So very curious, and so very massy!
Or e'en an imitation made in paste,
To please the lovers of vertù,
Cameo or intaglio by Tassie.

A seal ring, and a cramp ring have utility,
A mourning ring may teach one how to die,
A coat of arms shews ancestral gentility,
A puzzle ring would try one's ingenuity.

But what odd fancy could induce
A man not over nice or spruce
To stick a plain gold hoop, the nuptial band,
On the small finger of his own right hand?

Madam, quoth Crocos, bowing low,
Though 'tis a secret, you shall know
The true and real cause;
A lady's wishes or suggestion,
A hint oblique, or downright question,
To me are always laws.

Attend then!—On one winter's night,
Black was the sky, as pitch or jet,
No star appeared, the moon not risen yet,
And not a glow-worm shewed a glimmering light:

Home on my old mare I was jogging,
The better for an extra noggin.
On that same day, I'd been to dine
Snug with a neighbouring divine,
So free, so kind, so open hearted—
In short, 'twas midnight ere we parted.
The road unable to discern,
When to keep straight, or when to turn,
I wisely gave my mare the reins,
And trusted her superior brains.
Scarce had we rode a hundred paces,
Ere a fierce storm drove in our faces,
With hailstones big as pullet's eggs,
Scarce man or horse could keep their legs.
Away we peppered, mare and I,
To an old barn, by chance was nigh,
Dash! in I entered without knocking—
And there I saw,—O sight most shocking!—
Nine horrid looking females feasting,
And full of pranks and wicked jesting,
With nine horned demons for their suitors,
And nine black cats as coadjutors.
Their treat was scorpions, snakes, and toads,
Dressed by French cooks in newest modes;
Each was disguised, and sauced, and seasoned,
To charm an epicure's nice weasand.
You might have felled me with a feather,
At seeing such good folks together:

I thought no less would serve their turn,
Than my poor limbs to pinch and burn.
A witch is not in much repute,
Folks think her but a savage brute,
But people don't half know the merits
Of witches, demons, ghosts, and spirits.
They seldom to examine stand,
So form their notions secondhand.
I ne'er saw women, old or young,
With so much sweetness on their tongue,
And, to give e'en the devils their due,
Their sable beaux were civil too.
They kindly asked me to make one,
And share their homely food and fun.
I owned their dainties nice and rare,
But must decline to taste their fare,
Since I had supped an hour ago,
And therefore was not hungry now.
And though I did not as they bid,
I thanked them just as if I did.
I' th' midst of all these jolly doings,
Cajolling, compliments, and wooings,
They rose in haste, and ceased their mirth,
And sank with lightning in the earth.
Harmonious strains of music rose,
My fluttering spirits to compose;
And lights that cast a sweet perfume,
In gay festoons dispelled the gloom.

A wondrous figure, heavenly fair,
Of soft, and yet majestic air,
Appeared, with lovely roses crowned,
And numerous beauties all around.
With gracious smiles she took my hand—
I trembled so, I scarce could stand.
" Mortal," said she, " abandon fear,
" The Queen of Fairies greets you here.
" We came in love to rescue you
" From these bad hags, and devilish crew.
" We saw your danger, when they proffered
" Gifts, though refused as soon as offered;
" Insidious gifts, of poisoned joy,
" Your future welfare to destroy.
" But harder trials far than these
" Our penetrating eye foresees.
" 'Tis no great virtue to deny,
" When beldames press you to comply:
" If beauty, youth, and wit should join
" T' assault that yielding heart of thine,
" It needs no wondrous penetration
" To see your dangerous situation.
" 'Tis ours to guard you.—Take these charms,
" To keep you safe from threatening harms.
" Whilst this small circling gold shall arm you,
" No female dangers need alarm you.
" The loveliest features, dressed in smiles,
" The cheek impressed by Cupid's wiles,
" And all that witless youth beguiles,

" The sparkling eye, the soft expression,
" Will fail on you to make impression.
" Though Syren voices tuned to love,
" And sense descended from above,
" Though fancy, grace, and art conjoined,
" Attack your senses, soul, and mind,
" This ring protects you in each part,
" The true palladium of your heart.
" But mark! not e'en a Fairy's power
" Can guarantee you half an hour,
" Unless you punctually perform
" The requisites to bind the charm.
" This other kindred circlet see,
" As like to that as pea to pea.
" This must be duly fixed, with care,
" On the fourth finger of some fair,
" And just must fit her to a hair.
" And know, so fairy laws ordain,
" No hand the circlet can retain,
" But where who takes, and who bestows,
" With mutual pure affection glows."
She ceased.—The Fairies disappeared,
The moon arose, the sky was cleared,
I mounted Peggy, quite elate,
And reached my home, though somewhat late,
Eager and resolutely bent,
To prove the strange experiment.
I tried the ring on Jane and Anna,
On Nancy, Mary, and Susanna,

On virgins, widows, old and young,
On some who danced, and some who sung,
On beauties white, and black, and brown,
In country vills, and London town,
On tall ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones,
Of all descriptions, and opinions.
Some strained to gain the golden prize,
Till water started in their eyes.
Some squeezed and rubbed their crummy joint,
Disqualified by en bon point.
Some pinched to make hard swellings rise,
Like pads to eke their want of size.
'Twas all in vain, not one I found
The ring would fit, the world around;
'Twas still too little or too big,
And fitted just like Gilpin's wig;
Till, all my searches well repaid,
I fixed it on my Adelaide.
And long experience since has shewn
The virtues of the Fairy throne.

October, 1806.

VI.

INSCRIPTION
ON THE TEMPLE OF PEACE,

At a Villa near Halifax, in Nova Scotia.

I.

YE, who, all-weary, guide your wandering feet,
Through Life's rough crags, which piercing thorns entwine,
Awhile beneath this lowly roof retreat,
SACRED TO PEACE, a pure though rustic shrine!
Fly hence, swoln Pomp, to every vice allied;
Inconstancy, to nuptial vows untrue;
Comus, with frantic riot by your side,
And mad Ambition's ever-restless crew.
Hence! For in vain, ye deem no mortal sees
Your inly-sickening hearts, unfit for scenes like these.

II.

These myrtled knolls demand far other guests,
And where these darkening woods unbounded spread,
O'er Earth's primeval rocks their gorgeous vests,
By human hand untamed, save where its head
Yon massy tower lifts to the western main,
And looks to Britain: there let Innocence
With sweet Simplicity, enchanters twain!
On every flower, and shrub, that joys the sense,
Unfading charms, ethereal grace bestow,
Such as their votaries feel, and only they can know.

VII.

THE HERMIT.

Written in an Hermitage at the Lodge, the Villa of Sir John Wentworth, near Halifax in Nova Scotia.

Lines in an Hermitage are common, and the Hermit is always happy. The following are written upon the contrary supposition, which perhaps is nearer the truth.

THOUGHTLESS worldlings, who pursue
Joys on vanity depending,
And, disappointed, still renew
The bootless chase in sorrow ending,
Within this mossy, straw-clad cell,
The seat of pious melancholy,
Yet deem true happiness must dwell,
Without alloy of sin, or folly.

Though boundless shade, and trickling rll,
Far severed from the world's temptation,
Should bid the troubled soul be still,
Lulled in heaven-born contemplation;
Deep in the Hermit's hallowed breast
Grief for pleasures lost is lurking,
And gnawing cares his thoughts molest,
In wild and earthly passions working.

And when he hears gay music steal
From yon Rotonda's dome ascending,
The heart-felt laugh, the circling reel,
And singers blithe in glees contending,
His chaplet beads uncounted glide,
From heaven to earth his soul is turning,
Plunged low in a tumultuous tide
Of days of yore no more returning.

He sees, like visions from above,
His Cloe's cheek with rapture glowing,
As when it blushed, when mutual love
She owned, in tears so gently flowing.
The hand soft pressed, the converse sweet,
Each tender glance, when recollection
Recalls, how hateful this retreat,
The tomb of every dear affection!

From thought to thought unquiet hurled,
He joins the chase o'er hills resounding,
Or travels through the various world,
Each restless flight his bosom wounding.
Then roving still his mind arrest
Scenes of mirth, the night beguiling
With brisk champagne, improved in zest,
From Cloe in the bumper smiling.

Splendid temples, pictures, views,
Knightly shows of rich procession,
The stage illumed by Shakespeare's muse,
Dazzling float in quick succession.
Sparks of pride reviving flame,
And fancy paints, in living dyes,
The laurel wreath, the patriot's fame,
And all sublimest mortals prize.

Nought avail the Palmer's weeds,
Strong passions of the soul to bridle,
The cowl, and scrip, the cross, and beads,
Are outward trappings, vain and idle.
Warned by my fate, despise the sage
Who dreams of solitary duty—
The mind's its own best hermitage,
And social life is moral beauty.

August, 1807.

Another Inscription near the Hermitage.

Avoid these paths, for pity, Ladies fair!
Whilst ye about these solitudes are straying
With pretty faces, and enticing air,
What mortal hermit e'er can think of praying?

VIII.

ODE TO DEATH.

Mid cypress groves, and monumental gloom,
When the pale moon, in ill-foreboding mode,
Adds deepening shadows to the lonely tomb,
I woo thee, Death, in this thy drear abode.
Nor shalt thou hear from me the dastard strain
Which hails thee King of Terrors, fear impelled
Each conscious wretch, whose sin-distorted brain
In thy benignant form a monster's shape beheld.

When, at the last sad bed, the skilful leech
Despairs in musing silence of relief,
Not thine the spouse's desolating screech,
The loved domestic's loud acclaim of grief;
Not thine the ghastly smile convulsions stamp,
So void of thought, and mirth, on the fixed cheek,
The falling lip, the cold and viscid damp,
The glassy eyes, which cease the feeling soul to speak.

The shroud, eternal habit! is not thine,
Nor the last solemn, tributary, woe,
The tolling bell, the long-extended line,
The solemn dirge, and anthem swelling slow.
When, the dear friend consigned to kindred clay,
Last on the hollow coffin's lid are shed
The sounding clods, and daggers of dismay
Pierce through surviving souls, unconscious are the dead.

Behold, inchained upon the torturing wheel,
The man who dared to rouse despotic ire.
The present tyrant guides the glowing steel,
And plies his molten lead, his hooks of fire.
Whilst, nature wreathing to its utmost stretch,
Calm he enjoys the trembling nerves, and eyes
Distorted inwards, rescuest thou the wretch,
Smiling at helpless rage, and bearest him to the skies.

If, in this vale of tears, misery's chill hand
Presses the sinking heart, and cold despair,
And guilt, and fear, and all the hellish band
Of passions, struggling against virtue, tear
The soul, and earth can proffer no repose,
Thy lenient hand the healing balsam bears,
And binds in ice the soul's destructive foes,
And now she soars on high unclogged by worldly cares.

Where'er thy power tremendous points its course,
From thy resistless wing's wide-circling stroke
Chill currents, of disorganizing force,
Stream radiating. The gigantic oak
Collapses to a ruin, flowery dales
Shrink to a desert, herds and flocks aghast
Fall motionless, in human bosoms fails
The stoutest heart, and nature sickens at the blast.

In awful majesty, upon the storm
Impetuous now thou thunderest from afar;
Or sweepest nations in an earthquake's form,
Or clothed in steel in war's ensanguined car.
And whilst again descends thy gentler aid,
Soft as the dews of heaven, unfelt, serene,
The smiling infant, and the guileless maid
Escape th' untasted woes of this polluted scene.

Oh Death! from yonder grave, which darkly gapes,
Thy victim to receive, I see thee rise
In all thy grandeur. Thy still varying shapes
Expands mysterious, till thy wondrous size
Fills the whole scene this glance can comprehend;
Nay, far beyond the spangled skies, in space
Unbounded, where the mind can scarce ascend,
Lost in the vast expanse of all creation's place.

Lord of created being! This vast earth
And its inhabiters are but thy slaves,
To thee perform due homage at their birth,
And shrink at thy command into their graves.
E'en this substantial globe, and yon bright ball,
And stars, like Gods, subject to thy control,
On that last day, summoned by thy dread call,
Through heaven's great void no more their darkened orbs shall roll.

Yet not thy will, all-powerful as thou art,
Directs thy course, but He, at whose command
Worlds sink to nought, or into being start,
Ordains thy progress. His all-gracious hand
Disarmed thee of thy sting, thy venomed spear,
Decked thee with cheering smiles, and bade thee ope
The ponderous portals of the blissful sphere,
And realize to man the fondest dreams of hope.

1809.

IX.

CHRONOLOGICAL VERSES, TO HELP THE MEMORY.

The first series of periods, dated by the years of the world.

THE deluge of Noah chronologists fix
In one thousand six hundred and fifty-six.
Four hundred and twenty and six years in all
From Noah we reckon to Abraham's call.
Four hundred and thirty from Abraham's vocation,
Till Moses gave laws for the good of his nation.
The destruction of Troy, as the poets relate,
Happened years after Moses three hundred and eight.
Four hundred and thirty to Rome's first foundation
From the total o'erthrow of the Ilian nation.

The second series dated by the years of Rome.

The imperial city of Rome was begun
In three thousand two hundred and fifty-one[a].
Just twenty-three years from the Olympian date,
And seven before Sardanapalus's fate.

[a] Year of the world.

Rome and Athens, both governed by sovereigns before,
Expelled them, two hundred and forty-four [b].
In four hundred and ninety, the sly Carthaginian
First began the hard conflict with Rome for dominion.

Third series from the Birth of Christ.

The blessed Redeemer, whom Christians adore,
Was born in seven hundred and fifty-four [b],
In the year of the world four thousand and four.
In three hundred and thirty that city arose,
Which its name and beginning to Constantine owes.
Three hundred and sixty-four parted dominion,
Valens had the East, and the West Valentinian.
You must date from six hundred and twenty-two,
The Hejra, from Mecca when Mahomet flew.

[b] Year of Rome.

X.

TO DR. ELLERTON, HORSPATH.

An excuse for not dining with him on Beans and Bacon.

—

Vir Amande,
Venerande,
Mihi amicissime,
Tibi scribo,
Quod non ibo
Te visurus hodiè.

Atra bilis,
Pestis vilis,
Furens in præcordiis,
Intestinum
Movet bellum,
Ventris cum torminibus.

Parce, precor,
Nunc si sequor
Dogmata Pythagoræ,
Atque fabis
Condonabis
Si abstineam providè.

Vos valete,
Et gaudete,
Amici. Inter pocula
Jocus, sales,
Et res tales,
Equi sint in semitâ[a].

ALEXANDER,

Cœnobii Sanctæ Mariæ de Stodleia Prior,
Aug. 5, 1828.

[a] Horspath.

XI.

THE SONG OF CANUTE.

KING CANUTE, with Emma his queen, on their passage by water to Ely, hearing great harmony from the church, where the Monks were singing their canonical hours, the king broke out into a song, which he made extempore upon the occasion, calling upon his nobles to join in chorus. The song was long preserved in the Monastery, but the first stanza alone is now extant, and is a curious specimen of the talents and accomplishments of King Canute, and of the old Danish or Saxon language[a].

Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely,
(Merry sang the Monks in Ely,)
Tha Cnut Khing reu ther by;
(When Cnut King rowed thereby;)
Rowe, the Cnites noer the lant,
(Row thee Knights[b], near the land,)
And here the thes Muneches sang.
(And hear thee these Monks' song.)

[a] Bentham's History of Ely, p. 94.

[b] It does not mean knights, but *attendants*, Germ. knecht, the same.

Thus anciently translated into rhyming Latin.

Dulce cantaverunt Monachi in Ely,
Dum Canutus Rex navigaret propè ibi.
Nunc, milites, navigate propius ad terram,
Et simul audiamus Monachorum harmoniam.

The first verse may be translated into English, and the remainder supplied, in the following rough manner.

THE SONG OF KING CNUTE.

ELY's monks sang merrily,
Whilst Cnute and Emma rowed along;
" My sailors steer, the vessel nigh,
" And listen to the sacred song.

" O how unlike the boisterous sounds
" When the rude bards their harps inspire,
" Whilst the thronged hall with mirth resounds,
" And martial strains to battle fire!

" From these blessed towers no accents rise,
" Save hymns of joy and heavenly love,
" And thoughts ascending to the skies,
" And fixing all our hopes above.

" Blood-stained hands, and deeds profane,
" War and tumult, earthly cares,
" Loves impure and lawless gain,
" Pollute the soldier's worldly prayers.

" Pure as the snow from heaven descends,
" These holy Monks no sin defiles,
" Heaven to their wishes condescends,
" And all the world around them smiles.

" With contrite hearts, with tears and sighs,
" Let us to yonder shrines repair,
" The blessing ask, in lowly guise,
" Their sacred orisons to share.

" Before God's altar let us fall,
" And with loud cries our grief proclaim,
" On our dear Saviour's merits call,
" And sainted Ethelfleda's [c] name.

" Hark! the fretted cloister round,
" Full choirs their deep-toned anthems raise,
" And now soft airs melodious sound,
" Responsive, in their Maker's praise.

" Now strikes the beach the gliding keel,
" Land, sailors, haste to meet the throng,
" Sheath, my knights, your glittering steel,
" And join the sacred beadsmen's song."

[c] The foundress and patron saint of the Monastery at Ely.

XII.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS DANCING AT A CHILDREN'S BALL, AND WAS QUITE BLIND.

WHAT little maid in yonder throng,
Full of innocence and play,
Joins in the dance and artless song,
And seems the gayest of the gay?

And whilst to Music's stirring sound
Her feeling heart responsive thrills,
Jocund she forms the joyous round,
Mad galopades, or set quadrilles.

But why that dismal shade of green,
Blots from Eliza's eyes the light,
So inharmonious to a scene,
Where all is pleasure and delight?

In that sweet face, so blithe and gay,
(What heart but aches the tale to learn!)
From eyes once bright the light of day
Is banished, never to return.

Mysterious ways of righteous Heaven!
That innocence should feel the blight
Of sad misfortune—yet to us is given
To know—Whatever is, is right!

When, rising at the awful day,
By Christ those darken'd balls are healed,
Heaven will its glorious scenes display,
To earthly vision ne'er revealed.
Then will those eyes, now closed in night,
First opening view celestial light.

XIII.

THE STORM.

Πολυφλοισβοιο Θαλασσης. Homer.

Ye Burghers of Hastings, Lord Mayor, and Aldermen,
Council and Beadles, and Crier so witty,
Listen a while, with all your best ears, to a Sorrowful ditty.

Once, in the time of Billy the Conqueror,
There stood a great rock, and it seemed to one's notion
To frown at Boulogne, to make faces at Louis, and Bully the ocean.

This rock was called White by the Saxons and Normans.
But such a misnomer required an apologist,
'Twas composed of all strata and tints, as was known to Every Geologist.

The wise men of Hastings thought they'd not sea
room enough,
They conspired and consulted, disputed and grum-
bled;
So what with gunpowder, pickaxes, and wheel
barrows,
Down the rock tumbled.

But oh! who can tell what events in Time's womb
there are!
In the year thirty-six, and one thousand eight
hundred,
The wind was south-west, and the sky poured down
torrents,
Lightned and thundered.

Ne'er was felt such a tempest, or seen such disorder,
Hats and bonnets ran wild, and hair was all tangles,
Umbrellas turned back, coats and petticoats flew
off at
Forty-five angles.

Says old father Ocean, and laughed in his sleeve,
"They've destroyed the defence which the White
"Rock afforded,
"So I'll take my advantage, and kick down the
"pier they so
"Finely have boarded."

He mounted his chariot, his sea horses galloping,
And drove at the pier that was built for protection,
Down fell banks, walls, and buttresses, in a confusion
Like an election.

The flood kept advancing, all Hastings was terrified,
Bungs, barrels, and butts swam away in the Brewery,
Butchers, milliners, bakers, and fancy-shops, floating, made
All their mouths screw awry.

The Doctors were jealous old Ocean would do their work,
And without pills or bolus their patients would settle:
The fishermen's wives swore, and bawled out, "Here "is of
"Fish a fine kettle."

But Ocean relented, he called to his wife,
And the Naiads his daughters, those fine sea-green lasses,
So they all set to work, and with rolling-pins made all
Smooth as the glass is.

And so God save our noble King,
And all the ladies fair in Hastings,
And grant improvers who break rocks down
May have their bastings.

Jan. 25, 1836.

XIV.

SONNET,

To Miss Bowles, on her Poem called "The Birth-Day."

ENCHANTING Songstress, who, with magic art,
Leadest thy hearers through the varying view
Of infant innocence, to nature true,
Warmed by the kindly throbbings of the heart,
And chaste delights taste only can impart.
Thy scenes display, in colours ever new,
Rich characters—the nurse of ancient hue,
The mother's love, the maiden stiff and tart,
The cuckow clock, the pious rector's smile,
Dolls, dogs, and cats, and birds with painted wing,
The reptile much belied, the lamb so full of guile,
The willow tree, the parrot, and the swing,
The wild romance, the stone that marked the mile,—
All raise Affection's tears, and joys ecstatic bring.

AGGIUNTA.

Blush ye whose souls Ambition's call allures,
The empty follies which the world admires,
And own an infant's mind more blessed than yours,
Whose feeling breast no guilty passion fires.
Such, such alone the courts of heaven have trod—
None but the pure in heart can see their God.

Jan. 4, 1837.

XV.

HOW TO GET RICH.

A Fable, not in Æsop. To a young Lady.

He who has *auri sacra fames,*
Will find he very much to blame is.
(As ladies love a scrap of Latin,
This line from Horace will come pat in.)
An Englishman abroad was dwelling
In peaceful guise, not colonelling.
The world was all in strange confusion,
With wars, intrigues, and revolution.
Merchants grew rich monopolizing—
Exchange and discount ever rising.
One hundred pounds in foreign gold
At twenty-five per cent was sold.
O what a time, our hero thought,
To make one's fortune! So he bought
Spanish doubloons.—A box contains
This hot-bed of his growing gains.

But Buonapart, the scourge of nations,
Who kicked down princes from their stations,
Not satisfied with Europe's ruin,
Against our friend a spite was brewing,
So left his country, and was stowed
At anchor safe in Plymouth road.
And when our friend arrived at Dover,
His chance of profit was all over.
Peace was proclaimed, and things came round,
And floating wealth its level found;
Exchange and discount were reduced,
And pounds but naked pounds produced.
Thus disappointed of his prey,
To London town he hastes away,
A better market there to try—
Smack go the whips, the horses fly—
Most haste, worst speed—the box was shattered,
And down the road the doubloons scattered.
O what a scramble for the prize,
Of folks of every sort and size!
O what a mobbing, strife, and noise,
Of beggars, gipsies, girls, and boys!
So Jupiter to Danae's bowers
His access made in golden showers,
And found his way to Danae's heart,
By sovereigns tipped with Cupid's dart.

Thus e'er our friend had reached Guild Hall,
His Spanish castles vanished all.
The empty box alone remained,
Of cash, exchange, and discount drained—
And not e'en Hope was left behind,
Pandora's comfort for mankind!

Jan. 19, 1837.

XVI.

JULIA SLEEPING.

Soft blow the breezes whilst my Julia sleeps!
  May no ill dreams her slumbering thoughts molest:
And, whilst strict watch her guardian Angel keeps,
  Let no rash mortal break her quiet rest.
Ye forked snakes, ye bloated toads, depart,
Nor dare to hurt the idol of my heart.

Let no tormenting flutterer buzz around,
  No trailing insect o'er her features creep,
No tickling earwig on her neck be found.
  In awful distance every nuisance keep.
She sleeps—In expectation still as death
I watch each look, each motion, every breath.

Whilst sober reason in its duty fails,
  Imagination's wanton flight succeeds—
She speaks—O what anxiety prevails
  To catch each word that from her mouth proceeds.
Each half-formed sound, that scarcely moves the air,
Thrills through my soul, and wakens all my care.

She speaks—and, O ye friendly beings, hear!
Her gracious words my anxious name expressed!
I tremble every nerve with breathless fear—
The next may shew the feelings of her breast!
Perhaps indifference, or determined hate—
One word may seal my sad and hopeless fate!—

She speaks again.—Her faltering words disclose
Joys to my doubting bosom ne'er revealed,
That her kind heart with equal ardour glows,
Till now by blushing modesty concealed.
Awake, my love, that grateful I may press
Those lips, the heralds of my happiness.

XVII.

CONSUMPTION.

Passing stranger, who believe
That ruddy health is mine,
Fond appearances deceive—
My vital powers decline.

I feel a sinking in my breast,
A fainting heart and low,
Prophetic of my final rest,
When I am laid below.

My features flush with hectic heats,
And not the rose's bloom,
My heart with hurried throbbings beats,
As hastening to the tomb.

My nights with parching fever burn,
But, at the dawn of day,
Cold perspirations take their turn,
And melt my strength away.

Listless, inactive, void of joy,
My weary hours I wear,
Too languid for a just employ,
And quite unfit for prayer.

My daily food are groans and sighs,
With all their dismal train
I banquet on these luxuries,
And triumph in my pain.

And ticklings thicklings in my throat,
All hopes of sleep control,
A fit succeeds, with worrying note,
And harrows up my soul.

Methinks a hollow voice I hear
From out my bed of clay,
It seems to speak both loud and clear,
" Come, brother, come away.

" Death only waits the Lord's command,
" Your coffin is prepared,
" The women dressers ready stand,
" The plaited shroud is aired.

" Tears for their lord the bearers shed,
" To each his place assigned,
" The horses proudly toss their head,
" Their plumes wave in the wind.

" Your weeping friends stand round the bier,
" In weeds of sablest hue,
" And, whilst they drop the friendly tear,
" They take their last adieu."

I come, I come, with heart-felt joy,
From earthly ills to fly,
To where no pains or griefs annoy,
My mansion in the sky.

In lively hope, through heavenly grace,
And borne on Faith's strong wings,
To see my Saviour face to face,
And meet the King of Kings.

Jan. 2, 1840.

STUDLEY PRIORY.

From foreign realms, Columbian wilds, returned,
I visit scenes, for which my bosom yearned;
Thy Gothic windows, and thy shady groves,
Thy prospects, Studley, and thy cooing doves.
Here let me rest, whilst Memory recalls
The various scenes that blessed these ancient walls.
Flushed with delight, I passed my childhood hère,
To early feelings every object dear.
Still fond remembrance clings to every part,
And joys brings back, still fluttering round my heart.
The garden's bloom, each chamber I explore,
Where flit the shades of pleasures now no more.
In those young days, no healthful vigour strung
My trembling nerves, no thunder armed my tongue.

No deeds of lawless violence I dared,
Nor games robust with hardy urchins shared.
Untempted by the orchard's fruit-crowned trees,
I climbed no fence the blushing prey to seize.
Nor tottering on the bending branches hung,
To rob the fluttering mother of her young.
Mine were the mild enjoyments found at home,
The hearth's warm comforts, or the quiet roam.
Not that superior virtue was my guide,
But stronger motives fading health supplied.
Yet no mean cowardice my soul depressed,
Courage and lofty notions warmed my breast,
And plans I formed, to youthful ardour dear,
And built the noblest castles in the air:
Unreal castles, doomed not long to stand,
Soon crumbled into dust by Time's unsparing hand.
Time! whose sharp scythe not bubbles bursts alone,
But mows down gorgeous palaces of stone!
With glee enthusiastic I devoured
The wondrous tales in youthful volumes stored:
Of giant killing Jack each martial feat,
And giants slain by valour or deceit.
How Jack great honour hasty pudding gained,
And wit o'er strength superior force obtained;
And how he climbed the bean-stalk, kid by kid,
And slew the monster on the summit hid.
Of Hickathrift, for mighty deeds renowned,
And frightful witches in the woodlands found.

The slayer of the Dunsmore Cow, Sir Guy,
Whose whale-like ribs in Warwick Castle lie.
Of mighty Thumb, whose tiny form contained
A lion's heart, and led his foes enchained.
Thumb! whose great deeds immortal fame pursues
Raised into life by Fielding's comic Muse [a]:
Who, Nature's painter, in true tints displayed,
The generous lover, and the faultless maid.
The seven great Champions and Saint George their head,
Who slew the dragon and fair Sabra wed.
The seven leagued boots, the purse of endless gold,
The cap whose wearer never eyes behold:
All wondrous gifts of late to Schlemihl sent,
Yet proved no source of comfort and content.
Incautious Schlemihl! who in evil hour [b],
Sold his thin shadow to an envious power!
And fearless Christian's heaven-ward pilgrimage,
Set forth in Bunyan's allegoric page,
The mystic Dante of a formal age.
And how mankind's true features best are known [c],
Through convex and through concave lenses shewn,

[a] Fielding's Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.

[b] The German Romance of Peter Schlemihl, which has been translated.

[c] Swift's Gulliver's Travels. The Brobdignags and Lilliputians, the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos.

And quadrupeds by generous virtues rise,
Whilst human forms disgust by loathsome vice.
And chivalry, with all its deeds of arms,
Knights, necromancers, dragons, dwarfs, and charms,
With love of glory filled my youthful mind,
And to adventures perilous inclined.
I longed with Quixotte, paragon of knights!
Damsels to free, and set the world to rights.
Arabian Tales, to eastern manners true,
Displayed enchanting scenery to my view:
Sinbad's exploits, Aladdin's gems and gold,
And artful wit to change new lamps for old:
The Bagdad barber's most provoking clack,
Which kept th' impatient lover on the rack.
The genii, fairies, gools, and magic sights,
And all Scheherazade's well-storied nights.

Each tale my fancy on her tablets drew,
And thought, or wished, each wondrous tale was true:
Yet some small doubts were floating in my head,
All was not gospel truth of which I read.

Such was the reading of the good old days,
Where no crammed babies claim precocious praise;
No tender girls of sexual systems speak,
Nor break their pretty teeth with crabbed Greek:
Of Cryptogamias, Rhododendrons prate,
And strain at words for little mouths too great:
Know hydrogen, and oxygen compose,
The limpid stream that through their garden flows:

Tell to a mile their distance from the sun,
Or on a comet's tail in wild vagaries run.
Plain common sense, their unassuming guide,
The want of flowery ornament supplied.
Beneath their parents' roof they lived retired,
Not all their study just to be admired.
Well taught the part designed for female life,
The duties of the daughter and the wife,
Their best accomplishments were useful arts,
To still sweet herbs, and raise the savoury tarts.
As years advanced, to higher themes I rose,
Britain's great authors, both in verse aud prose.
In every page Imagination keen
Called into speaking life the moving scene;
Saw on her tomb sad Eloisa spread,
And Desdemona's blood-besprinkled bed.
I longed to tell with half-suppressed breath,
" Romeo, thy Juliet sleeps in mimic death.
" Rouse her from slumber, let her hear thee speak,
" And wake the roses in her pallid cheek.
" Let her not hear the ghosts' appalling groans,
" Nor madly play with her forefathers' bones,
" Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
" Lies festering in his shroud"—
Thus idle leisure taught me to explore
Romantic scenes of legendary lore;
Till education in due bounds confined,
And led through nobler paths my cultured mind.

Taught by the lessons of a learned sage,
The perfect models of the Grecian age,
Fair Science wooed me, that celestial maid,
And Nature's charms, and all her wealth displayed.
With Martin to celestial realms I soared [d],
And with the Swede all Nature's walks explored.
Martin! who called Urania from the skies,
To render youth in heavenly knowledge wise.
With Shavius o'er the crucible I bent [e],
And burnt my fingers on the work intent!
Then great Phlogiston, lord of fire, was known,
Now by Caloric banished from his throne.

When left at ease, from toils scholastic free,
Thy shades, O STUDLEY, had their charms for me.
I rambled in thy walks, or laid at ease,
Basked in the shade beneath thy spreading trees.

Let us around the panorama view,
Like the rich scenes which Poussin's pencil drew.
When to the south we turn our roving eyes,
Woods above woods in form theatric rise.

[d] Martin, an ingenious instrument maker, who first gave lectures in natural philosophy, and published the Young Gentleman and Lady's Philosophy, and other useful works of that sort. He is mentioned with some humour in a paper of the World, probably written by Lord Chesterfield, under the description of the self-taught philosopher Benjamin Martin.

[e] Dr. George Shaw, afterwards a Librarian of the British Museum, author of the Naturalists' Miscellany, Zoological Lectures, a General Zoology, &c.

Stanton Rectory destroyed in 1835.

To face P. 189

Half hid in shade the cottage roof appears,
Whose rolling smoke the labouring woodman cheers,
Slow rising from the cheerful hearth, which bears
The evening meal his careful wife prepares.
Pleased with the welcome sight, he works and sings,
And thinks of comforts which the twilight brings.
His smiling babes his love paternal sees,
Greet his return, and clamber on his knees;
Or placed in order by the chimney side,
Partake the food his daily toils provide.
When the clean platter, with good victuals stored,
Smokes with enticing savour on the board;
And sharpened hunger gives a zest, unknown
To cloyed and stall-fed monarchs on their throne.
These fancied joys his simple soul delight,
Calm all his cares, and make his labour light.

Then Saint John's Stanton's lofty tower is seen,
To crown the summit of the forest green.
Here the old parsonage stood in days of yore,
By modern roofs displaced, and seen no more;
Backed by the hill where, once upon a time,
The learned student, rapt in thought sublime,
Down the wild boar's wide throat, in merry freak,
His Aristotle crammed, and told him it was Greek[f].

[f] Shotover Hill. See the song sung at Queen's College at Christmas, in honour of the Boar's head. One verse runs thus:

So dreadful this bristle-back'd Boar did appear,
You'd have sworn he had got the wrong *pig by the ear;*

Here the great bard his streams majestic poured,
And his rapt soul in heavenly visions soared.
And Mickle taught the Lusitanian muse
O'er British realms her splendor to diffuse.
Great Camoens! who sang in lofty rhyme
The chief's adventures in the Indian clime;
Yet in an almshouse, 'midst a thankless race,
He died, his country's honour and disgrace.

Here wise professors lead their curious flocks
Through peopled quarries and historic rocks;
Which tell of earths destroyed, and formed again,
By strange convulsions from the turbid main:
New forms, new creatures starting into life,
And order sprung from elemental strife.

Next o'er the woods the glittering vanes are seen,
The splendid bounty of a British queen,
Where Marlborough rested, all his labours done[g],
To boast of victories, and of countries won.—
Meantime the subtile Gaul, to Britain's cost,
By treaty conquered what in war she lost.

Here too old Chaucer sang his noble lays,
Romantic poet, in romantic days.
Where the clear spring reveals the secret bower,
Where Rosamunda, England's choicest flower,

But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
He crammed in a volume, and cried *Græcum est.*

g See the inscriptions at Blenheim.

Won the soft heart of England's sovereign sage,
A martyr to a jealous Queen's unpitying rage.
Yet will her woes the minstrel's sonnet claim,
Her faults forgotten in her beauty's fame.

View next the hill which takes its ancient name[h]
From buried warriors, unproclaimed by fame.
Their faults, their merits, and their deeds unknown,
Their names unregistered in lettered stone.

Turn to the north, yon castellated tower[i],
Calls to remembrance mighty deeds of yore.
When sainted Edward filled the Saxon throne,
His brilliant court on lofty Brehul shone[j].
In Bernwood forest he enjoyed the chace[k],
From regal cares refreshment and solace.

[h] Graven Hill, formerly Gravenhull; in Saxon, the Sepulture of the dead, probably of the bodies slain in a battle between the Saxons under King Æthelred, and his brother Alfred, with the Danes in 871, in which the Saxons were defeated. Kennet, p. 35, Saxon Chronicle under that year.

[i] Boarstall Tower. See a vignette of it to The Charm.

[j] Brehul, the ancient name of Brill.

[k] Bernwood Forest, where the Saxon Kings, and particularly Edward the Confessor, used to hunt, was a large district extending through a considerable portion of the counties of Bucks and Oxon. His palace was at Brill. The traditional story of Fitznigel, the boar, the gift of the manor of Boarstall by the service of a bugle horn, still preserved in the Aubrey family, and of the office of Forester or Keeper of the Forest, is said by Kennet to be confirmed by good authority. The tenure was *per unum cornu quod est charta prædictæ Forestæ.* Kennet's Parochial Antiquities, page 57.

Heaven in its wrath had sent a monstrous boar,
In Mercia's realm, distained with human gore.
In size immense, his eye-balls glared with fire,
His whetted tusks disclosed his fearful ire.
His horrid roarings, with tremendous sound,
Caused terror and dismay to all around.
Their slaughtered flocks the ruined hinds deplored,
Their harvests plundered, and their children gored.
The fields were left uncultured and forlorn,
As when the land by Danes was overborne.

Not the famed boar, in Calydonian fields,
In size and fury to this monster yields:
Sent by Diana to avenge her name,
When Meleager gained immortal fame,
Yet missed his guerdon, Atalanta's hand,
Slain by Althæa, and the fatal brand.

Halloo! halloo! with javelin, horn, and hound,
The valiant hunters gather all around.
Through the dark woods unusual noises break,
And horse and man their hurried courses take;
And Bernwood echoes through its utmost bounds
With shouts, and questing of the eager hounds.

Fitznigel, clad in coat of twisted mail,
Led the bold hunters over hill and dale.
Nor female face nor helpless babes appear,
Nor can the stoutest bosom wholly banish fear.

Not the fleet stag or timid hare their game,
High honours, and illustrious meed their aim.

This monstrous boar, whom none could quell or tame,
Him would they kill, to gain immortal fame.
For good King Edward had proclaimed a day,
A royal hunt, their prowess to display;
And great rewards to him who should the savage slay.
And who should bear the vanquished monster's head,
The fairest lady in the land should wed.
And high bred damsels reined their prancing steeds,
Prepared to share in all their martial deeds:
Taught with sure aim the hunting spear to throw,
Or shoot the yard long arrow from their bow;
And in the chace the fierce encounter dare,
Kept but from danger by their lovers' care.
And at their heels the ready grooms are found,
And crowds of rustics stand at distance round.
The deep mouthed hounds around their masters lie,
And wake the sleeping echoes with their cry.
Roused from his lair, the boar in vengeance springs,
And thundering clamour through the forest rings.
He rushes to the fight, the hunter train
His first attack with guarded force sustain,
Yet all their manful efforts are in vain.
His sidelong tusks, with active rage employed,
Repel their weapons, and their blows avoid.
His bristly mane, his paws, and mail-like hide,
Resist their blows, and turn their spears aside.
The fearless hounds, with many a gaping wound,
Lie sprawling dying on the blood-stained ground,

Or stand at bay, nor dare to close in fight,
And fear his murderous tusks, his mortal bite.
And many a steed was torn with gashes wide,
His intrails gushing from his opened side.
And many a hunter bold was forced to yield,
Dismounted, and extended on the field.

The gallant Nigel in his stirrups rose,
And with unerring hand his javelin throws.
With vigour he approached the monster near,
And drove with strength and skill his trusty spear.
Fast in his neck the trembling weapon stood,
And the deep wound welled forth the gory blood.
Maddened with pain, the tortured monster rose,
In mortal combat with his foe to close.
But as he reared, the Knight, with dagger keen,
Pierced his strong heart, and laid him on the green.
He falls, and stretched in grisly horror lies,
Whilst shouts for victory rend the echoing skies.

With many a thane around, and hunter bold,
The royal Saint high triumph now must hold.
And martial knights, and many a lady fair,
To Edward's hospitable hall repair.
Kine, sheep, and kids a rich supply afford,
And game and venison filled the plenteous board.
And rich metheglin, and the sparkling beer,
And spicy hypocras their spirits cheer.
And whilst the merry wassail cup goes round,
With soul enlivening blast the trumpets sound.

And gifted minstrels to their tinkling lyre,
Sing of high deeds, that lofty thoughts inspire.
High on his regal seat their bounteous Lord,
With grace presided at the sumptuous board:
The melancholy Edith by his side—
A virgin husband, and a virgin bride!
Strange superstitious folly to neglect
The dues which heaven and nature's laws direct!
Borne on his bloody sword, Fitznigel brings
The head, and offers to the best of Kings.
Emma, of noble blood, and nobler mien,
Shared the high favour of her mistress Queen.
O'er her blue eyes a hood of forest green,
Hid half her flaxen hair, and half was seen.
Her purple robe with stars was spangled o'er,
And on her hand a milk white hawk she bore.
From all selected by the King's command,
'Twas hers to honour Nigel from her hand.
By Nigel she had long been loved in vain,
His suit rejected by her high disdain,
Yet softened by the hunter's glorious feats,
Her generous bosom now with true affection beats.
Nigel arose from off his bended knee,
A Forester in chartered dignity.
And silver trumpets to the world proclaim,
In lengthened notes, the hunter's honoured name.
'Twas his o'er vert and venison to reign,
In Bernwood Forest's spacious woods and plain.

'Twas his to hunt the various beasts of prey,
The royal hart, that fearless stands at bay,
The wolf, the fox, the boar with bristly mane,
The hare, and all the forest beats contain.
'Twas his to sound the spirit stirring horn
Before the King, on lofty charger borne,
O'er hill and dale with heartfelt glee to ride,
And lead the chase, and o'er the sport preside,
Cheer the warm scent, and babbling beagles chide:
To lure the falcon on his hand to rest,
Fire in her eyes, and courage on her crest,
On nimble pinions, to the lofty skies,
Unplumed, unhooded, at his call, to rise:
To teach the tiercelet, with a falconer's care:
To pounce upon the quarry in the air,
Strike the tame partridge, or, in nobler flight,
War with the heron in an equal fight.

A castle too the generous King bestowed,
With royal manor, and rich lands endowed.
The guarded tower the strongest foes defied,
And reared its turrets o'er the forest's pride.
There have I seen portrayed by artists rude,
The wondrous tale in these harsh rhymes pursued;
The splendid castle, and the wide domains,
Held by the bugle horn, which still remains[1];

[1] This was the ancient tenure of Grand Serjeantry, by which a man held lands by personal services to the King. This in particular was called Cornage. Many Manors were

A deep-toned horn with gilded silver bound,
And still in Boarstall's ancient archives found.
The lovely Emma, with her sparkling eyes,
Disclosed her love, as she bestowed the prize.
Emma's fair hands the well earn'd boon displayed,
And the priest's blessing gave the yielding maid.
From distant prospects let us turn our eyes,
To where gay Studley's Gothic gables rise.
Within these walls, of massy stone composed,
Female devotion erst in peace reposed [m].
The brave Saint Valory, of Norman race,
Led by devotion, built the sacred place.
Then sailed to Palestine's ensanguined coast,
To join the bold Crusade with Richard's gallant host.
There by an arbalet untimely slain,
Near Acon's walls, his valour helped to gain.
And daily masses from the virgin choir,
To bless his soul in heavenly notes aspire.
With God's their founder's name they grateful blend,
And both to heaven in pious hymns ascend.

held by this tenure. Thus, William Pusey held that manor from King Canute by a horn, on which was this inscription;

Kyng Knowde geve Wyllyam Pewse
This horn to holde by thy lond.

Thomas de Langeley, in Oxfordshire, held that manor by the service of bearing a horn to keep the Forest of Whichwode. See Blount's Ancient Tenures, and Pegg on the Boarstall Horn, Archæol. vol. iii.

[m] See Note A, at the end.

Though politicians, with contemptuous brows,
Condemn the cloister, and monastic vows,
Yet far removed from earthly cares and strife,
The blameless virgins led a tranquil life.
Here pious maidens bade the world adieu,
Renounced its pleasures, and its sorrows too.
What though some leaden souls, to God untrue,
In senseless rote their daily task pursue;
Some pious breasts, with meek devotion warm,
With heartfelt rapture every rite perform.
To willing minds no service too severe,
Not the strict fast, the penitential tear:
To wear in poverty the amice grey,
The gauds renounced which female hearts betray:
In midnight orisons, their nights to keep,
Whilst earth-born souls in soft indulgence sleep,
In concert with the heavenly choirs that sing
Unceasing anthems to the eternal King.
Here poverty received the daily dole,
Disease a cure, relief the troubled soul.
From anxious minds they banished every care,
And weeping sinners found compassion there.
The puzzled hinds here sought the best advice,
And posed the willing dames with questions nice:
What the best corn at Michael's tide to sow,
To sell their horse, or buy a useful cow.
The anxious lover asked, with throbbing smart,
To solve the doubt, that tore his anxious heart,

To face p. 199.

The Monument of Sir George Croke.
at Waterstock. 1641.

If Maud or Joan would his best partner prove—
For female counsels are the best in love.
To all mankind their aid and prayers were given,
They chid their faults, and shewed the way to heaven.
Their tenants no hard services annoyed,
Their land they cultured, and its fruits enjoyed.
Here youthful damsels learned to work and pray,
And to their patron Virgin due devotion pay.

Yet all have vanished! Henry's iron hand
Scattered the weeping inmates through the land.
And, sold to multiply the monarch's gains,
A prudent master bought the rich domains.

Here sat the ermin'd Judge, whose righteous soul[n]
No wealth could bribe, no monarch's frowns control.
'Gainst venal Judges, and a threatening Court,
Law he maintained, fair Freedom's best support.
Though foe to anarchy, he held on high,
The sacred rights of genuine liberty:
Supported Hampden, in his manly stand,
From arbitrary claims to free the land;
And gave relief, when tyrant power oppressed,
The glorious writ that gives the captive rest.

'Twas then, Maria, glory of thy age,
Thy soul heroic gave the counsel sage,
And taught your husband, with affection true,
The dictates of his conscience to pursue,

[n] See Note B, at the end.

Nor fear, for poverty or regal power,
To lose the joys of one approving hour.
Yet meek Religion governed in his mind,
And glowing charity for all mankind.
And still yon Alms House, on its frontal stone,
Proclaims his love to future ages shewn,
Where age and want sit smiling at their door,
Contented with their lot, nor wish for more.
O may thy conduct, and thy glorious name,
Wake in posterity thy virtuous flame!
And may thy last descendants copy forth
Thy various merits, and transcendent worth!
My task is done, and, passed my working age,
My closing scene is acting on the stage.
Time shortened, sublunary hope no more,
My vessel soon must reach the fatal shore.
Childhood, and youth, and manhood, all are gone,
Like the gay flowers that fluttered on the lawn.
All past events are vanished like a dream,
Or like a momentary vision seem,
A floating vapour, tossed by every wind,
That leaves no substance, scarce a trace, behind.
O Thou, who hast enlarged my vital span
Beyond the allotted years of mortal man,
'Tis time for me to quit this earthly sphere,
Before thy dread tribunal to appear;
To trim my lamp, of oil and merit dry,
And seek from Thee alone the due supply.

And may for me the blood of Jesus shed,
Wash clean my soul with sin's pollutions red!
That at the last dread hour, the destined time,
Angels may bear me on their wings sublime,
To where His favour'd flocks, my Shepherd leads
To pastures green, and ever-flowering meads!

The Common Seal of the Convent of Saint Mary of Stodley.

NOTES.

Note A, *page* 197.

[m] The Priory of Studley was founded by Bernard de Saint Valori, in 1184, the thirtieth year of Henry the Second, for nuns of the Benedictine order, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was augmented by subsequent donations. It appears there were fifty nuns. He assumed the Cross, attended Richard Cœur de Lion in the Crusade in 1191. At the memorable siege of Accon, or Acre, he was shot through the head by an arrow from an arbalet, or cross-bow. See a strange story of Adela, the wife of his son, Thomas de St. Valory, who was put into a cask and thrown into the sea, but escaped miraculously. Horace Walpole, in Walpoliana, vol. ii. p. 128. from the History of Picardy.

The Priory was dissolved in the twenty-seventh year of Henry the Eighth, 1536. Three years afterwards it was purchased by John Croke, Esquire, a Master in Chancery, with all its possessions. See the History of the Priory, in my Genealogical History of the Croke Family, vol. i. p. 408.

Note B, *page* 199.

[n] Sir George Croke, the third son of Sir John Croke and Elizabeth Unton, was born about the year 1560. From Christ Church he was entered of the Inner Temple, and called to the Bar. He purchased the estate at Waterstock of Sir William Cave, and Studley Priory of his nephew,

Sir John Croke of Chilton. He married Mary, the second daughter of Sir Thomas Bennet. In 1624, the second year of James I. he was created one of the Justices of the Common Pleas. In 1628 he was nominated one of the Justices of the King's Bench. When the Crown was assuming unjustifiable powers, he supported the rights of the people. In the cases of Selden and others, who had been imprisoned by warrants of the Privy Council for their proceedings in Parliament, in 1629, on his Majesty's pleasure and commandment, and for other causes, Sir George Croke was of opinion that they were entitled to be bailed upon writs of Habeas Corpus, but his opinion was overruled by the rest of the Judges. This was considered as a monstrous perversion of the law, and thus Selden was kept in custody for six years by a mere mandate of the Privy Council.

In the case of Hampden, who refused to pay his assessment to the Ship Money, after the arguments of the Counsel, the opinion of the twelve Judges was taken. After five of them had given their opinions in favour of the Crown, Sir George Croke, in 1638, gave his judgment in favour of Hampden. He was confirmed in his resolution to this effect by his Lady, who told him, "*That she hoped he would do nothing against his "conscience, for fear of any danger or prejudice to him or his "family; and that she would be contented to suffer want, or any "misery with him, rather than be an occasion for him to do or "say any thing against his judgment and conscience.*" His argument was most learned, eloquent, and convincing, yet notwithstanding judgment was given by the majority of Judges against Hampden, to the great offence of the whole nation. Sir George Croke was too constitutional a lawyer to approve of the subsequent proceedings of the republic parties. In the year 1639 or 40, upon his petition, on account of his age and infirmities, his attendance in the Courts was dispensed with, his salary and fees being continued, with expressions of the King's approbation of his former good and acceptable services. He died and was buried at Waterstock in 1642. His Alms House, a

provision for four old men and four women, bears date in 1639. He erected likewise a private chapel in his house at Studley Priory. Three volumes of Reports of Cases, decided during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, written by him, were published, after his death, by his son-in-law, Sir Harebotle Grimston.

THE END.

BAXTER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

Publications by Sir Alexander Croke.

1. A short View of the Possibility and Advantages of draining and inclosing Otmoor. *London*, 1787.

2. A Report of the Case of Horner against Liddiard, upon the question of what consent is necessary to the marriage of Illegitimate Minors. With an Introductory Essay upon the Theory and Laws relating to Illegitimate Children and Marriage. *Butterworth*, 8vo. 1800.

3. Remarks on Mr. Schlegel's work upon the Visitation of Neutral Vessels under Convoy. *White*, 8vo. 1801.

4. Statutes of the University of King's College at Windsor in Nova Scotia. *Halifax*, 1802.

5. An Examination of the Reverend Mr. Burke's Letter of Instruction to the Catholic Missionaries of Nova Scotia. *Halifax*, 12mo. 1804.

6. The Catechism of the Church of England, with parallel passages of the Church of Scotland. *Halifax*, 12mo. 1813.

7. Reports of Cases decided in the Court of Vice Admiralty, at Halifax in Nova Scotia, in the time of Alexander Croke, LL.D. Judge of that Court. By James Stewart, Esq. *Butterworth*, 8vo. 1814.

8. The Genealogical History of the Croke Family, originally named Le Blount. 2 vols. 4to. *Oxford, for Murray and Parker*, 1823.

9. An Essay on Rhyming Latin Verse. *Talboys, Oxford*, 8vo. 1828.

10. The Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum, with an Introduction and Notes. *Talboys, Oxford*, 8vo. 1830.

11. Plain Truths. Five Letters addressed to the Members of the Conservative Association of the City and County of Oxford. *Parker*, 12mo. 1837.

12. The Patriot Queen. *Mitchell, London*, 8vo. 1838.

13. The Progress of Idolatry, a Poem, in ten books. The Three Ordeals, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five cantos; and other poems. 2 vols. crown 8vo. *Parker and Rivington.*

14. An Essay on the Consolato del Mare, an ancient Code of Maritime Law.

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